

ZONE LAW REVISED, \$4,000,000 OF WORK CAN START

**Board of Aldermen Take
Corrective Measures in
Last Meeting Before Vacat-**

**\$22,000,000 LEFT IN
BOND ISSUE MEASURE**

**Revised Ordinance Calling
for Election to Be Taken
Up for Final Considera-**

At its last meeting before the summer vacation, the Board of Aldermen yesterday passed bills modifying the existing zoning law, and making possible the immediate beginning of construction projects estimated at a total of \$4,000,000, which were said to have been held up by the severe restrictions of the present law. It is expected that the bills will receive the signature of Mayor Kiel at once.

In connection with the rejection of one of the amending bills by the committee which was considering it, it was learned that the Aldermen have become somewhat jealous of the Board of Public Service, which they feel is usurping some of the functions of the Board of Aldermen. This bill would have provided for appeals to the Public Service Board upon a refusal by the Building Commissioner to issue a permit.

A substitute bill was passed, providing that in the commercial and industrial districts defined by the zoning law, the Building Commissioner may, at his discretion, issue permits for building 10 feet higher than the maximum height fixed in the ordinance.

The revised bond issue ordinance which provides for a 10-per-cent cut on each item from the amount formerly agreed upon, was given its second reading, and will come up for action when the board convenes Oct. 1, according to present plans. Alderman Hart said he would announce Sept. 1 when public hearing will begin. The deduction from the items reduces the total from \$53,484,000 to \$22,000,000. The items now appear as follows:

1. Eliminating grade crossings, \$100,000.
2. Parks and playgrounds, \$2,560,000.
3. Municipal auditorium or community center, \$900,000.
4. Sewer construction, \$3,075,000.
5. River des Peres improvement, \$1,450,000.
6. Municipal farm, \$630,000.
7. Southern approach to the free bridge, \$1,150,000.
8. Municipal terminals, \$1,700,000.
9. City's cost of street openings, \$175,000.
10. New fire engine houses, \$380,000.
11. New buildings for Industrial School at Bellefontaine farms, \$156,000.
12. New cells, city jail, \$76,000.
13. New morgue building, \$68,000.
14. Municipal garage, \$90,000.
15. Street maintenance of major thoroughfares, \$360,000.

The item for a convention hall is thinly camouflaged under the name "community center," as it was doubtful whether the city could appropriate money for a convention hall. The amount, \$900,000, is not considered sufficient, but the remainder will be obtained by other methods.

**NEALE SAYS REED
WILL NOT BE READ
OUT OF PARTY HERE**

Continued From Page One.

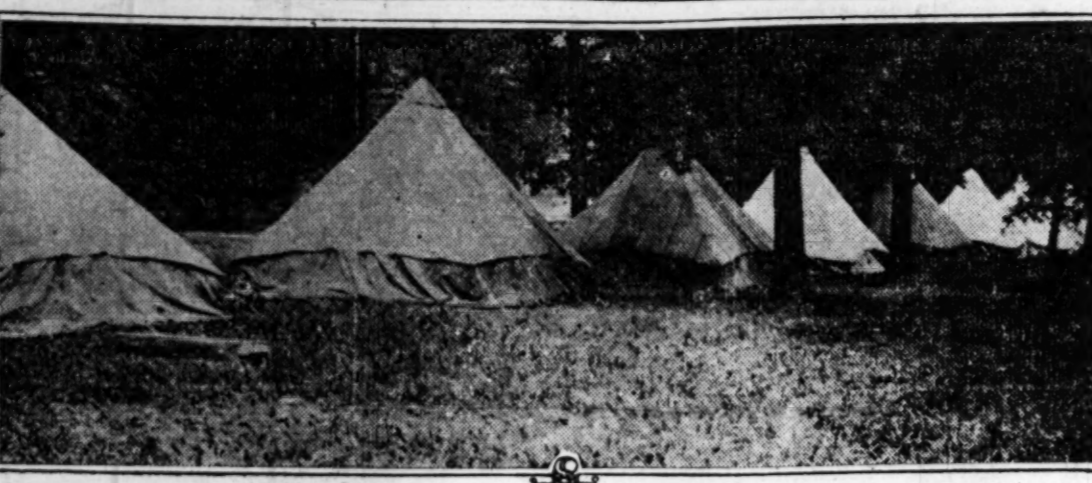
"I do not anticipate any mention of Senator Reed in the resolutions. If when the Senator reads the resolutions, he feels that he no longer is a member of the party which has such principles, he can follow whatever course his conscience dictates, but if he leaves the Democratic party, it will be because he does not subscribe to Democratic principles of which this league of nations is a most important one, and not because the Democratic organization seeks to drive him out."

"It is not at all certain that the committee will really write its own views on the league of nations, but it may decide to call a regularly constituted convention, the delegates to which would be selected at primary elections, to pass on the question. The calling of such a convention probably will be determined by the attitude of the Reed men at the committee meeting. If they are not satisfied, we will give them convention notice. I doubt very much, however, if the Senator cares to be told by a convention of his party just what Missouri Democrats think of his actions."

Considered All Possibilities.
"In considering issuing this call, we considered all the possible results to the party. Our decision was that we must not be under the impression of right and that we must not permit doubtful questions of party expediency to control our actions. We then went ahead."

"I ask you whether I believe the propaganda circulated in an effort to arouse Irish voters in this country, nearly all of whom have al-

Vacationists' Tent Village Erected Yesterday in Forest Park



ways voted the Democratic ticket, against the league of nations, will cause them to leave the Democratic party, and I answer by saying that I do not believe it will. I do not believe our party will lose the Irish vote because I do not believe that the Irish in America will abandon the principles for which they have fought in the Democratic party."

"But I will say that if the party should lose some, or many, votes, which I do not believe it will, in standing for the rights that it will far more than overcome such losses by the support it will receive from those politically honest citizens who will seek to align themselves with a courageous political party which dared to fight for principle."

"The meeting in St. Louis will be a public meeting. The time has passed when this can be a question for party conferences held in secret in the hope that party differences can be kept from the public. We must come out in the open. We want the whole world to know where we stand."

"The point has been raised that the committee at a meeting in St. Louis in May endorsed the league of nations, and that there is no occasion for another expression on the subject."

"There is such occasion from the fact that the indorsement given in May was not directly an indorsement by the State committee, but was rather an indorsement by a conference which was attended by many Democrats from all parts of the State."

"May Expression Not a Fair One."
"Emmett O'Malley, Senator Reed's representative at that meeting, charged then and has since frequently charged that I packed the meeting with pro-league of nation delegates and speakers. In this resolution then adopted was not a fair expression of the feeling of the Democrats of Missouri. His charges were entirely unfounded, but in this coming meeting the expression will be entirely by the party committee, which is authorized to speak for the party."

"The absurdity of O'Malley's charges will be realized when I explain that in sending out invitations to attend the May meeting, I sent one to the editor of every Democratic newspaper in Missouri, and to the chairman of every Democratic county committee in the State, one to the State committees organization representative in every county, one to every Democratic member of the Legislature and one to Senator Reed."

"If there could be a more representative gathering of Democrats I cannot conceive how it could be arranged."

Chairman Neale said he was not at all alarmed by threats of O'Malley contained in newspaper editorials from Kansas City. O'Malley would begin a fight to remove Neale as chairman of the committee. Neale said he knew positively of only two members of the committee who were opposed to the league of nations, and that he was certain there would not be to exceed seven or eight of the entire 32 members."

Prior to calling the committee meeting Neale was in conference with Mayor Cowgill of Kansas City, Ed. Harber, City Councilor of Kansas City, former Attorney General John T. Barker, Adolph Mueser of Holden, a member of the committee, Luther Shepard of Sullivan County, recently elected secretary of the committee, and Frank H. Armstrong of Harrisonville. Cowgill and Harber have been close friends of Reed, but both are actively supporting the league of nations, and both favor holding the committee meeting."

**FARRIS UNDECIDED
WHETHER TO ASK
FOR RAP AT REED**

Believes Plain Indorsement of League Will Suffice, but Conditions May Change.

By a Staff Correspondent of the Post-Dispatch.

**HOW MEMBERS
OF COMMITTEE
STAND ON LEAGUE**

Telegram to Post-Dispatch From Democratic Leaders Outline Position.

Following the call for the meeting of the Democratic State Committee in St. Louis Aug. 11, the Post-Dispatch telegraphed the members of the committee asking whether they would attend the meeting and requesting a statement of their position on the league of nations. The telegraphed replies of those who could be reached follow:

Boggs Opposes Expression.
COLUMBIA, Mo., Aug. 2.—Personally I favor the league of nations. It is my opinion, however, that the Democratic State Committee has no authority to express the sentiments of the Democrats of Missouri upon that or any other public question. I will attend the meeting. J. E. BOGGS.

Cromley for League.
LAWSON, Mo., Aug. 2.—I am for the league of nations and expect to attend the meeting of the State Committee Aug. 11. F. T. CROMLEY.

Warm Favors League.
LAMAR, Mo., Aug. 2.—I favor the league of nations and will attend the meeting of the Democratic State Committee on Aug. 11 or send some one to represent me who is unqualified in favor of the league. W. G. WARNER.

Morgan Will Attend.
BOLIVAR, Mo., Aug. 2.—I am for Woodrow Wilson and the league of nations, and will attend the State Committee meeting Aug. 11. BEN F. MORGAN.

Lee Against Partisan Council.
JOPLIN, Mo., Aug. 2.—Yes, I intend to be present at the meeting of the committee. I am for the league without reserve. It assures a great peace. I am against the insincere partisan council that seeks to prostitute it for political advantage or make it an issue of men and delay a little the striving will of the nation. FRANK H. LEE.

Mitchell Favors League.
LANCASTER, Mo., Aug. 2.—I will attend the committee meeting Aug. 11 in person or by proxy. I favor the league of nations. H. E. MITCHELL.

Mueser Unqualifiedly for It.
HOLDEN, Mo., Aug. 2.—I am unqualifiedly for the league of nations and will attend the St. Louis meeting. A. MUESER.

Bell to Be Represented.
POTOSI, Mo., Aug. 2.—I favor the league of nations and will be represented at the meeting of the State Committee Aug. 11, when a May 21st last in St. Louis the Democratic State Committee went on record as favoring the league of nations. H. C. BELL.

Thinks Meeting Is Unnecessary.
SIKESTON, Mo., Aug. 2.—The Hohenzollern and Hapsburgs never have gone to war if they had known that England and America would have entered the conflict on the side of justice and humanity. If a league of nations would have prevented the past stupendous conflict, does it not offer us something for the future? I favor it as offering us something in place of war. The world as never before is a whole world and not in pieces. A ball anywhere on its surface affects the whole body. I see no use of a meeting of the committee to indorse the league of nations, as every member except Pendergast through O'Malley announces themselves for it in St. Louis. I would attend a meeting if necessary to advance the cause of justice and humanity. M. G. GRESHAM.

Burden to Be Here.
AVA, Mo., Aug. 2.—I mean to be in St. Louis Aug. 11. C. H. BURDEN.

Cox Heartily in Favor of It.
ST. JOSEPH, Mo., Aug. 2.—Am heartily in favor of the league of nations and expect to be present at the meeting of the State Committee Aug. 11. J. E. COX.

Taylor to Attend Meeting.
FULTON, Mo., Aug. 2.—I will attend the meeting of the Democratic State Committee. I am for Woodrow Wilson and the league of nations without reservations. W. R. TAYLOR.

Jones Favors League.
LAPLATA, Mo., Aug. 2.—I am in

favor of the league of nations. ELLMER O. JONES.

Ellison Is in Canada.
W. C. Ellison of Maryville, Mo., telegraphed in reply to an inquiry from the Post-Dispatch that George H. Ellison, member of the Democratic State Committee from the Fourth Congressional District, was in Perce, Gaspe County, Quebec, Canada, but that he favored the league of nations. Ellison expected to be in Canada a month, and probably will not return in time for the meeting of the committee.

Two St. Louisans Noncommittal.
Thomas J. Butler, Eleventh District Committeeman, said he would attend the meeting Aug. 11, but that he refused to commit himself as to his attitude on the league of nations. Committeeman John F. Byrne also was noncommittal as to his attitude toward the league of nations. He said he would attend the meeting called for Aug. 11.

Davis Favors Reservations.
Biggs Biggs said: "I am in favor of the league. I do not believe the present covenant is perfect, but I will support it. Certain reservations should be made if it can be done without sending the treaty back to Europe for more negotiations. I am sure Senator Reed is sincere in his views, even if mistaken. He believes that the Democratic party will be ruined if the league covenant is accepted."

Kinney Once Voted for League.
Senator Michael Kinney said: "I just received notification of the meeting yesterday and as I don't know what their intentions are or their purpose in calling the meeting I am unable to commit myself."

When asked if he favored the league of nations he said: "I voted for the resolutions favoring the league in the State Senate."

**O. E. JENNINGS ARRESTED ON
COMPLAINT OF BELL WORKER**

Adviser for Telephone Company Employees Says Solicitor Insulted Striking Operator.

O. E. Jennings, district organizer of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, was arrested last night at 10:30 o'clock at the Belmont Exchange of the Bell Telephone Co., Beaumont and Locust streets, on complaint of Charles L. Robinson, 2828 Lucas avenue, a general solicitor for the Bell company. According to the police, Jennings and Robinson had a quarrel when the former accused Robinson of insulting one of the striking telephone girls.

Robinson denied it and had Jennings arrested on a peace disturbance charge. Jennings was taken to the Locust Avenue station, where he was released on bond, to appear in police court.

The first residence section disturbance resulting from the strike occurred at 6 o'clock yesterday afternoon, when five striking electrical workers and two girl operators were arrested in the 3900 block on Maffitt avenue on peace disturbance charges. The strikers were parading the block in front of the home of Miss Genevieve Church, 8940 Maffitt avenue, where they declared, two strike-breaking operators are boarding. Several arrests have been made in front of the Church home and in the downtown district.

Several hundred persons were attracted to the scene of the disturbance when two girls engaged in a scuffle. Much excitement was added when a passing motorist had a tire blowout. Miss Leona Church, a sister of Genevieve Church, told the police she was slapped several times by the Sheehan girl when she appeared on the veranda to remonstrate with the paraders.

Those arrested were: Gertrude McDermott, 18 years old, 5335 Arsenal street; Eugene Seehan, 18 years old, 4708 Ray avenue; William K. Schwartz, 22 years old, 2620 Whittier street; Hite Van Dorn, 20 years old, 3150 Oakville avenue; Harold Buke, 18 years old, 3438 Polson avenue; Clark Wood, 21 years old, 4003 South Broadway; and Herman Dickens, 19 years old, 4458 Lee avenue. They were taken to the Deer Street Station and released on bonds to appear in police court tomorrow.

Glides 35 Miles in Airplane.
By the Associated Press.

ITHACA, N. Y., Aug. 2.—What is said to be a world's record for airplane "gliding" was established here today when "Red" Marshall, attaining an altitude of 17,000 feet, shut off the engine of his Thomas Norse machine and "glided" 35 miles to the city, renewing his power at an altitude of 8000 feet. Twenty-two miles is said to be the former record.

Zoological Photographs at Library.
The St. Louis Public Library, Thirteenth and Locust streets, has on exhibition about 100 photographs of interesting zoological specimens and zoological structures, some of them in full colors. Many photographs of both well known and rare animals in the National Parks are in the collection.

'VACATION VILLAGE' PUT UP IN FOREST PARK

Accommodations Will Be Available to Specially Selected Inmates at a Nominal Cost.

Under the competent hands of 20 hunky soldiers from Jefferson Barracks, "Vacation Village," an unusually self-sufficient community, sprang into existence yesterday afternoon in Forest Park, a short distance west of the zoo. The inhabitants, families selected by 12 organizations from among those who deserve vacations, but are not fully able to take them, will move in tomorrow afternoon.

"Vacation Village" actually is what most vacationists have concluded was only a dream—a place where they can stay at less cost than at home. The Red Cross and the Park Department made it possible. The only cost will be a nominal charge for meals, and less than the cost if they came home. Military efficiency was applied to summer resort attractions to accomplish this.

There are two rows of tents, each by 15 feet facing each other across "Red Cross avenue," a 25-foot thoroughfare, and each has a capacity of eight persons. Thus, the maximum capacity of the village is 150 persons, and each may remain from three to seven days.

"Taps" to Be Sounded.
Here military efficiency comes in. There will be a field kitchen operated by the Community Kitchen Association, of which Mrs. Hattie Husemeyer is director, and a mess tent adjacent in which 75 persons may dine at once. There will be a hospital with a nurse in charge, and a bed capacity of three, with a Red Cross physician available on call.

The camp commandant or village mayor in this case will be a matron. The military camp rules on sanitation will be enforced. There will be "taps," too, although the hour at which all must be inside their tents has not been fixed.

In each tent will be an army cot for each occupant, a folding table, chairs, blankets, towels, soap, brushes and even tooth paste will be supplied. From the village, there is a total capacity of 40, have been installed.

Only one family will be installed in a tent, therefore families with several children will be selected. Naturally, it will not be possible to have all families of eight, and the

number of inhabitants of the village necessarily will vary under 150. The Park Department is equipping a children's playground adjoining the tent colony, with the customary standard devices. It is possible that hand concerts for certain nights in the week may be provided, but this is not certain.

This "resort" will boast one attraction which few possess, namely, the Zoo. Here the children may find a source of constant entertainment ready at hand.

Fathers and other working vacationists will go to and from their work just as if they were living at home, for the colony was established especially for the benefit of those who do not have regular vacations.

Some of the items on the menu already prepared by Mrs. Husemeyer are rice soup, veal stew, potatoes, beans, hamburger steak, noodles, fish, corn, salad, bread pudding, chocolate pudding and stewed fruits.

Organizations in Movement.
Up to noon yesterday tickets had been issued for 35 persons to move into the village tomorrow. The tickets are distributed by the 12 organizations who choose the most deserving families. The organizations are the Provident Association, the Jewish Alliance, Neighborhood Association, Boyle Center, Wesley House, Home Service Section of the Red Cross, Board of Children's Guardians, Children's Aid Society, St. Vincent de Paul Society, Washington University Dispensary, Municipal Nurses' Association and Kingdom House.

The village will be maintained throughout August and part of September. If it is as successful as expected, the Red Cross will open it early next summer, and maintain it throughout the season, perhaps on a larger scale.

**MISSOURI SPEAKERS ATTEND
REUNION AT NEW FLORENCE**

Poll Taken of Crowd of 10,000 Shows Overwhelming Sentiment for League of Nations.

NEW FLORENCE, Mo., Aug. 2.—A number of Missouri speakers attended the old settlers' reunion here today, including former Senator William H. Charles, M. Hays and Dr. T. M. Johnson of St. Louis. This was the thirty-eighth annual meeting.

The crowd was estimated at 10,000. Hays took a poll of the crowd on the league of nations. The result was overwhelmingly in favor of the league.

During the first six months of 1919 the Post-Dispatch printed 8910 "Horses and Vehicles" wants—3582 more than in any other St. Louis newspaper combined.

ARRESTS FOR DRUNKENNESS SHOW DECREASE IN FIRST MONTH UNDER PROHIBITION

But More Saloons Are Open Now Than on July 3 and Intoxicants Are Freely Sold at Many—883 More Arrests in July Than in June.

ST. LOUIS has had one month of war-time prohibition. Despite the fact that beer of 2% per cent alcoholic content is still being sold and that the lid on stronger drinks is being tilted at many saloons and cafes, there has been a marked decrease in the number of arrests for drunkenness. There also has been a large increase in the volume of savings deposits, though bankers say it is too early to make an estimate as to what part of this increase has been due to the prohibition measure.

Similarly, many business houses have noticed an increase in trade, but the merchants also say time alone will tell whether this is traceable to the curtailment of the drink traffic.

Factory owners and superintendents in the main are slow to put themselves on record as saying that enforced abstinence from drink has increased the "efficiency" of their working forces, as they seem to fear that an expression might be construed as a criticism of the former habits of employees who only a month ago were free to drink without restriction.

The records of the two city police courts show that in July, the first "dry" month, only 38 defendants were accused of drunkenness, compared with 135 in June, the last "wet" month. In July last year the number was 115.

Little Effect on Crime.
War-time prohibition as enforced in St. Louis has had little if any effect on crime in the city, was the opinion expressed by Chief of Police O'Brien after examining figures and statistics compiled from the monthly reports of Charles Atmore, department statistician for June and July—a month before and a month after the law went into effect.

"Arrests have increased in July over the previous month," said the Chief, "and I believe the crime situation is about as normal as can be expected in a large city in both months."

The Chief refused to make any comment as to whether he believed the supply of intoxicating liquor had been cut off or was to be had freely. Another police official, who declined to allow his name to be used, however, said that liquor was obtainable apparently in most any part of the city just as freely today as

before July 1.

"Just take, for instance, the Krallmann murder," he said. "In that case one of the men arrested made affidavit to visits from one saloon to another for hours before and after the killing. Another man arrested in the same case made a sworn statement telling how he was 'too drunk to remember' what had occurred at the time of the killing."

Saloons Open Up Again.
After a month's enforcement of the prohibition act there are more saloons open today in the city than there were on July 3, the police reports show. A canvass yesterday showed police reporting 480 saloons in operation all over the city.

On July 3 police reported 422 saloons open, with 75 saloons reporting closed "for good."

Investigation of figures for the two months by a Post-Dispatch reporter revealed that in July the police made 883 more arrests than in June, when saloons and other liquor dispensaries were wide open.

The totals for the two months show that in June 3462 persons were arrested, while in July 4345 were taken into custody. Of these, 2802 were males in June and 3634 males in July.

A peculiar freak shown by the figures is the fact that with war-time prohibition in effect more arrests were made at night than in the daytime, which demonstrates, police say, that St. Louis was more of a "9 o'clock town" with saloons and cabarets wide open than in July when they were supposed to be closed.

In July 2208 arrests were made after dark, whereas in June only 1922 arrests were made at night. Police figures for the two months are as follows:

| Continued on Next Page | |
|------------------------|---------|
| June | July |
| Arrests | Arrests |
| 3462 | 4345 |
| Males | Males |
| 2802 | 3634 |
| Females | Females |
| 660 | 711 |

Buettner's Semi-Annual Furniture Cleanup

Sacrificing All Incomplete Lines of Furniture

Tremendous Savings on Specially Purchased Pieces

Queen Anne Bedroom Set
An extreme value in antique brown mahogany; the set consists of dresser, chiffonier and bed. **\$129.75**

Refrigerators

| | |
|--------------------------------|---------|
| \$14.00 Refrigerator | \$10.75 |
| \$18.00 Refrigerator | \$14.95 |
| \$25.00 Refrigerator | \$19.75 |
| \$69.00 Porcelain Refrigerator | \$56.00 |

Kitchen Cabinets

| | |
|-------------------------------|---------|
| \$27.00 G. O. Kitchen Cabinet | \$19.75 |
| \$29.00 G. O. Kitchen Cabinet | \$24.00 |
| \$34.00 G. O. Kitchen Cabinet | \$28.50 |
| \$40.00 G. O. Kitchen Cabinet | \$32.50 |

Living-Room Sets

| | |
|--------------------------------|----------|
| \$165.00 3-Pc. Velour Case Set | \$129.75 |
| \$180.00 3-Pc. Velour Case Set | \$145.00 |
| \$200.00 3-Pc. Velour Case Set | \$165.00 |
| \$295.00 3-Pc. Velour Case Set | \$267.00 |

Cedar Chests

| | |
|---------------------|---------|
| \$20.00 Cedar Chest | \$14.75 |
| \$23.50 Cedar Chest | \$17.50 |
| \$28.00 Cedar Chest | \$21.75 |
| \$34.00 Cedar Chest | \$28.50 |

Baby Carriages

| | |
|-----------------------------|---------|
| \$34.00 Brown Reed Carriage | \$26.50 |
| \$37.00 Brown Reed Carriage | \$29.75 |
| \$20.00 Gray Reed Sulky | \$14.75 |
| \$18.00 Brown Reed Sulky | \$12.50 |

William & Mary Dining-Room Set
Finished in Jacobean oak; consists of buffet, china cabinet, extension table; wonderful value at our special clearance price. **\$124.75**

Buffets

| | |
|----------------------------|---------|
| \$38.00 G. O. Buffet | \$28.00 |
| \$45.00 G. O. Buffet | \$37.50 |
| \$51.00 J. O. Buffet | \$42.50 |
| \$39.75 J. O. China Closet | \$27.00 |

Chiffoniers

| | |
|--------------------------|---------|
| \$27.00 G. O. Chiffonier | \$18.75 |
| \$30.00 G. O. Chiffonier | \$21.50 |
| \$37.00 G. O. Chiffonier | \$29.75 |
| \$45.00 G. O. Chiffonier | \$37.50 |

Dressers

| | |
|---------------------------|---------|
| \$28.00 G. O. Dresser | \$19.75 |
| \$45.00 Mfg. Dresser | \$32.50 |
| \$35.00 Walnut Chiffonier | \$24.75 |
| \$49.00 Walnut Chiffonier | \$32.00 |

Extension Tables

| | |
|-------------------------|---------|
| \$18.00 G. O. Ex. Table | \$12.95 |
| \$21.00 G. O. Ex. Table | \$15.75 |
| \$27.50 G. O. Ex. Table | \$21.50 |
| \$34.75 F. O. Ex. Table | \$27.00 |

Library Tables

| | |
|-------------------------------|---------|
| \$15.00 Fumed Oak Lib. Tables | \$9.75 |
| \$18.50 Fumed Oak Lib. Tables | \$12.00 |
| \$21.00 Fumed Oak Lib. Tables | \$16.50 |
| \$27.00 Mahogany Lib. Tables | \$21.50 |

Buettner's

N. E. Corner Washington Ave. at Eighth St.

LABOR'S RAILROAD BILL IS INTRODUCED

Sims Offers Plumb Government Ownership Measure—Brotherhoods Explain Stand.

By the Associated Press. WASHINGTON, Aug. 2.—Government ownership of the railroads is proposed in a bill introduced today by Representative Sims, Democrat, of Tennessee. The measure embodies the plan which has been endorsed by the four Brotherhoods and the American Federation of Labor and which was presented to Congressional committees recently by Glenn E. Plumb.

In a statement accompanying the measure Representative Sims said its enactment would "establish harmony between the public interest, the wage earners and capital," and would be a long step toward solving the high cost of living problem by lowering transportation charges.

Under the bill, operating control of the railroads would be vested in a directorate of 15, five appointed by the President, five by operating officials and five by employees. Holders of 4 per cent bonds, which the Government would issue for the purchase of the lines and the employees, would share in the earnings of the roads.

"Labor's railroad bill has the purpose of reducing the cost of living by operating the most important industry in the country for service rather than for profit," said a statement on the Sims bill by the heads of the railroad brotherhoods made public today.

"Labor faces a persistently serious situation due to the cost of living and the impossibility of wages keeping pace with the depreciation of money. No fundamental changes are being advanced to save workers from continual defeat in the economic struggle of life. The railroad employees are in no mood to brook the return of the lines to their former control since all the plans suggested for this settlement of the problem leave labor essentially where it has been.

"We realize that in the strife for wage increases we cannot win any permanent victory. It is not money but value which counts. The vicious circle is infinite. Increased wages are over capital for profit and the cost of goods mounts faster than the wage level.

"Any basic change must begin with the railroads. Not only have we suffered from profiteering, but the public has paid an extortionate tax for transportation."

Red Cross Typhus Train Reaches

By the Associated Press. OMSK, July 19.—The first American Red Cross sanitary train intended for the case of typhus patients arrived today. Fever-stricken persons will be taken to the train for isolation as a means of checking the spread of the epidemic.

"DRUNK" ARRESTS DECLINE IN FIRST PROHIBITION MONTH

Continued From Preceding Page

lice say that this is not accounted for by the fact that more violators of the city ordinances regulating automobile driving were taken into custody in July than in June, these arrests being made after dark, as only 33 were arrested for this offense in July and 30 in June.

Drunkness Shows Decrease. The one class of prisoners to show a marked decrease in the figures were the plain "drunks on the street." In June 229 persons, 217 men and 12 women, were arrested for being intoxicated. This number was cut down to 76 in July, 1 woman and 75 men.

Taking the more serious crimes, the figures for both months are about equal. There were eight murders in June and the same number in July.

However, in July the police arrested 17 persons in connection with murders and 21 in June. The carrying of concealed weapons showed, but slight difference, 17 being arrested in July and 19 in June.

For assault to kill 54 persons were arrested in June and only 19 in July. Disturbances of the peace, however, were frequent as is demonstrated by 477 arrests for July. There were 486 arrested for this offense in June.

The Sunday lid was clamped on tight in July, according to the figures, there being no arrests for the entire month in this regard. Five were arrested in June. The bartenders and saloon keepers arrested in each month were about equal. In June 23 bartenders and 21 saloon keepers were taken in custody, while in July 21 bartenders and 23 proprietors were arrested. For selling liquor without the proper license 32 arrests were made in July and 39 in June.

Petty Larceny Increased. Larceny of the petty variety was on the increase if anything since prohibition went into effect. In July police made 578 arrests for this offense, while in June but 497 arrests were made. Highway robbers to the number of 12 were captured in July, as compared with 19 for June. Prohibition apparently had a stimulating effect on the speedsters. In July 198 persons were arrested for violating the State speed laws as compared with 154 for June, an increase of 40 during the dry period.

A marked increase in the use of drugs, such as cocaine, morphine, etc., is indicated, policemen say, in the figures showing that 267 persons were arrested in July for "selling poison," whereas in June but 175 were taken into custody. There were no cases of delirium tremens reported in either month.

Expressions on Effect. Here are some expressions of St. Louisans in a position to note the effects of one month of wartime prohibition.

George E. Mils, City Court

No. 2: The beneficial effects of prohibition are manifested daily in the affairs of City Court No. 2. Whether a person is a prohibitionist or an "anti" the facts are indisputable that cases of drunkenness and peace disturbance are less in number since whisky, wines and gin have been placed beyond the reach of the great masses of people. In July of this year, there were only 10 cases of drunkenness in my Court, as compared with 29 cases in July 1918. The number of peace disturbance cases, which frequently have their origin in the excessive use of whisky, totaled 286 for July just passed, as compared against 530 of such cases in July, 1918. The so-called "husband and wife" cases, in which the husband beats or otherwise abuses his wife, invariably result in the wife's informing the Court "that John is good to her and good to the children, except when he drinks." From hundreds of cases of this kind, it is reasonable to believe that the elimination of "drink" will eradicate the trouble in many homes.

Whisky and other strong drinks such as were commonly sold in the corner saloons have choked Court dockets, have filled jails, workhouses and prisons. There is no argument, today, in favor of such so-called beverages. The people in the Southern States once thought they could not exist without their slaves and they fought the bloodiest civil war in the world's history before they would surrender their "personal rights and property." Today, no Southerner would raise his voice in favor of slavery. History will likely repeat itself in its reference to the prohibition question. The drinking issue is largely a matter of habit and habits are not so hard to change.

Judge Garcesche Sees No Change. Judge Vital W. Garcesche, Division 10, Circuit Court for Criminal Causes: I have no figures before me, but I should say offhand that the month under prohibition which has just ended has shown no remarkable diminution of crime. I have been sitting during July in my own courtroom and for Judge Taylor in Division No. 11, and I should say the usual average of arraignments has had. Thirty days is too short a period. I am sure many men have some surplus money since they have been deprived of drink, but their wives haven't had time to get it away from them and bank it.

Steel Men Not Changed. Harry Scullin, president of the Scullin Steel Co.: I can see no difference in the work of our men since July 1. They are all good, steady men who have been with us for three years or more, and are the best of our force. We have been running light waiting for conditions to pick up. During the war we were forced to take on some who were not quite so satisfactory, but at present about all we have are men who have been with us for some time. Some of them used to get a bucket of beer at noon-time and we did not interfere, although we would not tolerate any more of it. They are still able to get beer at 15c a gallon in the neighborhood. I am here every day in the year. I know the men personally for the most part and I don't see that there has been any change in their work.

Better Work Reported. R. F. Rucker, superintendent of the Aluminum Ore Co., East St. Louis: There is no doubt that prohibition has proved beneficial to employer and employee during the first month it has been in effect, although it is impossible for me to give in figures any estimate of the improvement amounted to. The rules of this company have always been that no men under the influence of liquor shall enter upon the company's premises, and we have a man at the gate to enforce this rule. We never have employed habitual drunkards, in fact habitual drunkards and slaves to the liquor habit are not the class of people who are employed or even seek employment. They are the idle class. The absence of liquor during the past month though has caused an improvement in all men, even those who used to a moderate degree; they take more interest in their work, are more efficient and reliable. It will require some time for those who were used to their occasional stimulant to become accustomed to the new condition, but the working man is already seeing that he has been laboring under a false impression when he believed he could not do without it.

Robert E. Conway, general manager of the East St. Louis packing plant of Armour & Co.: I have not noticed much change in our workmen as a result of prohibition, as there has been a tendency among workmen during the past year to improve their condition and discontinue the excessive use of liquors. The improvement in the men has been gradual, apparently, so that when prohibition became effective they were able to comply without feeling the effects. The rules of the company have been that men whose condition indicated they

were under the influence of liquor would not be permitted to work, and as the average workman nowadays wants to put in as much time as possible, he remains sober. Present conditions compared with those which existed years ago, show a great improvement. The men are more efficient, steady, less prone to sickness and show a general improvement in every way.

Says Men Are Contented. Frank H. Hunter, manager of Swift & Co., packers, East St. Louis: I have not noticed any changes here as a result of prohibition. There is no doubt that the men have experienced a change, but it is a hard matter to measure the result in a large organization such as we have, because efficiency is perhaps the only standard by which such a measurement could be made, and that element has been maintained at our plant for years. Our workmen are a steady, dependable class, and

drunkenness is not tolerated. Compared with six months ago the men appear to be more contented, and show an interest in their work which up of an efficient workman.

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The Aeolian Player Piano Costs But \$595



And you should not pay less than this amount for a player-piano. You cannot pay less and expect satisfaction.

Realize that the purchase of a player-piano is a once-in-a-lifetime purchase. And that it is indeed important that you select a musical instrument of true musical worth and one that will hold up under years of usage.

The Aeolian Player-Piano is produced and sold by The Aeolian Company--acknowledged leaders in the musical instrument field. The price is only five hundred and ninety-five dollars and this can be divided in convenient parts.

Full details will be mailed upon request.

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IN ST. LOUIS at 1004 OLIVE STREET
Steinway Representative
NEW YORK LONDON PARIS MADRID MELBOURNE



Note How Everyone

*It Has Become a Familiar Car
On Nearly Every Highway*

Hails the Essex

Essex owners report the satisfaction they experience at the way people speak of their cars. It increases their pride of ownership. Motorists and even boys on the street hail the Essex with some such greetings as "There is an Essex."

Curiosity in the car that possesses quality and performance at moderate cost and without the expense and weight of such cars as formerly were the only ones that possessed those advantages, has given way to openly voiced admiration.

Essex Owners Are Its Salesmen

At first it was what people who had seen the Essex said about it that led to its popularity.

Now owners--and there are thousands of them--are endorsing it on every hand. People stop Essex owners to inquire about their car. The answer is unanimous. When asked as to its performance they make no reservations. Admiration of its riding qualities is never lacking.

Every wanted quality in an automobile seems to have been met in the Essex. Ask the first Essex owner you meet.

Essex Performance Is Always Mentioned

There is no uncertainty to the owner as to Essex performance. Drivers know positively that their cars will meet any acceleration or endurance test they impose.

They know they can match the performance of whatever car they encounter.

There are now enough Essex cars on the road to permit you to note their performance. They are, always in the lead when quick acceleration is desirable. They hold their own on the road against cars regarded as the fastest. They keep going and require little attention.

The repair shop is no place to learn about the Essex, for it has little need to know the repairman.

Won't you make some inquiry about the Essex? You will find it interesting and convincing.

Immediate Deliveries on Essex Cars

Hudson-Frampton Motor Car Co.

Locust at Leonard
Distributor Hudson and Essex Cars

KAISER SOUGHT FOR PEACE ON OCT. 27, WHITE BOOK SHOWS

Reached Unalterable Determination, Declares Pamphlet Exposing German Military Secrets.

By the Associated Press.
BERLIN, Thursday, July 31.—The former German Emperor's statement on Oct. 27, 1918, that he had reached an unalterable determination to sue for a separate peace within 24 hours, and to demand an immediate armistice, is one of the many revelations of German war diplomacy contained in the "White Book," published at Weimar today.

The former Emperor's decision to seek peace immediately, according to documents in the "White Book," he considered necessary because he believed the people both unable and unwilling to continue the war. The former German ruler's conscience was said to forbid him to permit further bloodshed. In September, according to the documents, Gen. Ludendorff heard that Bulgaria had offered to sign a separate peace. In the official discussion it was agreed that Washington should be designated as the center of peace negotiations, as a matter of politeness. Austria was consulted by telephone regarding the proposed appeal.

On Oct. 1, Field Marshal von Hindenburg telegraphed to the Vice Chancellor stating that if Prince Max of Baden should form a Government he would agree to the appeal for peace being delayed until the next morning.

Declared Delay Fatal.
On the same day Gen. Groener reported that Gen. Ludendorff had declared delay would be fatal, that the formation of a new Government should not be awaited and that a break in the military line was possible at any minute.

Prince Max immediately inquired if Von Hindenburg were unable to hold the front. He received an answer that the army stood by its demand for an immediate peace offer. Prince Max still held the matter of peace was premature, but other members of the Cabinet sided with Gen. Ludendorff and maintained that the military verdict must be adhered to, because if the situation should be made worse by President Wilson's answer, the army would seek to dodge responsibility.

Conflicts of Opinion.
Conflicts of opinion continued between Berlin and the army command, up to Oct. 26. President Wilson's second note on the peace terms, however, brought a stormy protest from the supreme army command which wanted to break off negotiations. Gen. Ludendorff lodged at the matter more hopefully.

After President Wilson's third note on Oct. 25, Gen. Gallwitz and Mueser asked for a last opportunity to show that Germany's position was not as bad as it was described, but their attempts in this way to prevent Austria from making a separate peace failed. News of the Turkish armistice followed and since the allies agreed to President Wilson's 14 points, the German people regarded the war as ended. The White Book points out that wherever an attempt to delay the armistice was suspected, troops rose in protest.

Gen. Ludendorff takes sharp exception to many statements contained in the white book, particularly the charge that he and his staff were unreliable as a consequence of nervousness. The general declares that it is strange the members of the Foreign Office were so ignorant of the situation.

Wilson's Note Left No Doubt.
The second note sent by President Wilson left no doubt in his mind of the necessity for continuing the fighting, says Ludendorff. He adds that he and his staff were unable to precisely predict that it was possible to hold out or not.

Ludendorff further declares that Dr. Solf (Secretary of State for the colonies at the time), drew false conclusions when Dr. Solf said that he (Ludendorff) could not hold out for three months, for he (Ludendorff) had prepared new positions that could have been held.

Ludendorff says Admiral von Hintze (then Foreign Secretary), informed him that the reason for the German peace offer was the separation of Bulgaria from the Central Powers, and that no mention was made of nervousness. He calls the description of incidents from Aug. 13 to Sept. 23, given by Von Hintze, completely one-sided, and says that his book, which is to appear this month, will clear up the misunderstanding of the situation.

TWO GIVE PATROLMAN BUSY HOUR

Negro and Companion Finally Jailed on Series of Charges.
Patrolman Albes of the Laclede Avenue Station, spent a busy hour yesterday last night in the case of a negro chauffeur, 1829 Easton avenue, and Charles Burbridge, 2708 Lucas avenue, locked up on a series of charges.

Moore, the policeman, reported, was driving an automobile at 25 miles an hour near Jefferson and Lawton avenues when Albes arrested him. He was booking Moore at the station when Burbridge, who had been riding in the machine, came in and abused the policeman. He was arrested. On the way to the dispensary with both men, Moore attempted to escape from the patrol wagon. He was subdued also by Albes.

Moore was charged with speeding.

careless driving and resisting arrest. Burbridge was charged with interfering with an officer and resisting arrest.

WE TAKE LIBERTY BONDS
Men's Balbriggan and Mainsack Union Suits, 39c
Boys' Khaki Overalls, 50c
Men's Work Pants, 1.00
Men's Cool Cloth Pants, 1.65
Men's COOL CLOTH Suits, 4.95
Men's Mohair Suits, 10.90
Men's Silk-Lined Suits, 19.75
BOYS' BLUE SERGE AND CASSIMERE SUITS, 4.95
Men's Blue Overalls, 1.25
Men's Silk Shirts, 3.45
Men's Blue Serge Pants, 3.45
Boys' Blue Chambray Shirts, .29c
Double Eagle Stamp Tomorrow.
Mail Orders Filled.



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Now Located
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Commencing Monday, August 4th—A Bona Fide Reduction of

10% DISCOUNT TO ALL CUSTOMERS Who Desire to Avail Themselves of Our Easy-Payment Plan.
20% DISCOUNT to Those Who Desire to Pay Cash.

All Goods Marked in Plain Figures—Take Off the Discount and Figure Your Own Saving
The Prices Below Are Subject to the 10% & 20% Discounts Above Stated

| DINNER SETS | CHINA CLOSETS | KIT. CABINETS | TEA WAGONS | DINING CHAIRS |
|-----------------------|----------------------------|---------------------------|---------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| \$12.75 to \$34.75 | \$24.75 to \$125 | \$21.75 to \$67.75 | \$18.75 to \$29.75 | \$1.25 to \$12.75 |
| TALKING MACHINES | PLAYER-PIANOS | GAS RANGES | GAS AND COAL COMBINATION RANGES | Hand and Water Power Washing Machines |
| \$74.75 to \$184.75 | \$475 to \$750 | \$25.75 to \$74.75 | \$69.75 to \$194.75 | \$22.75 to \$34.75 |
| BUFFETS | DRESSING TABLES | Coal Oil Cook Stoves | CHIFFOROBES | CHIFFONIERS |
| \$29.75 to \$98.75 | \$24.75 to \$62.75 | \$18.75 to \$36.75 | \$24.75 to \$98.75 | \$21.75 to \$49.75 |
| EXTENSION TABLES | DAVENETTE SUITS | BRASS BEDS | STEEL BEDS | ODD DRESSERS |
| \$10.00 to \$65.00 | \$64.75 to \$149.75 | \$36.75 to \$95.00 | \$9.75 to \$34.75 | \$23.75 to \$75.00 |
| Floor and Table Lamps | SPRINGS—All Makes | MATTRESSES | DAVENPORT SUITES | Period Bedroom Suites |
| \$9.75 to \$48.00 | \$7.95 to \$25.00 | \$5.95 to \$39.75 | \$229 to \$375 | \$98.75 to \$375 |
| LIBRARY TABLES | CEDAR CHESTS | ALL MAKES SEWING MACHINES | ODD DAVENETTES | REFRIGERATORS |
| \$12.75 to \$48.00 | \$17.75 to \$44.75 | \$29.75 to \$75.00 | \$49.75 to \$74.75 | \$13.75 to \$49.75 |
| LINOLEUMS—Per Yd | 9x12 CREX AND MATTING RUGS | 9x12 BRUSSELS RUGS | 9x12 VELVET RUGS | 9x12 Axminster Rugs |
| 69c to 95c | \$4.95 to \$19.75 | \$19.75 to \$39.75 | \$39.75 to \$54.75 | \$49.75 to \$75.00 |

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PHOENIX FURNITURE CO.
Now at 1226 Olive St.

ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH'S REVIEW OF MARKET CONDITIONS

HIGH INTEREST RATES
CAUSE POWER MARKET
FOR NEW YORK STOCKS

Call Funds Touch 15 Per Cent During the Week and Selling Follows—Rally Marks Late Dealings.

By Leased Wire From the New York Bureau of the Post-Dispatch.

NEW YORK, Aug. 2.—The Evening Post, in its copy-righted weekly financial review, says:

"The market has thus far paid no evident attention to the railway shopmen's strike for higher wages, perhaps because of the feeling that it will be settled somewhat close. Friday's stock prices, therefore, are used for comparison in the weekly tables published on this page.

Exchange Closed.

The New York Stock Exchange was closed yesterday to permit brokerage houses to catch up with their work, owing to recent heavy sales. St. Louis Stock Exchange directors also voted to close. Friday's stock prices, therefore, are used for comparison in the weekly tables published on this page.

Bank Statement.

NEW YORK, Aug. 2.—The actual condition of clearing banks and trust companies for the week shows that they held \$1,136,800,000 in excess of legal requirements. This is an increase of \$17,500,000 from last week.

The following table shows the actual condition of clearing banks and trust companies for the week ending August 2, 1919:

Bank Clearings Here Show Gain Over a Year Ago.

St. Louis clearing for the last seven months show continued gain, being over \$1,000,000 in excess of legal requirements. This is an increase of \$17,500,000 from last week.

NEW YORK, Aug. 2.—Mercantile paper, as applied to the United States, is that none of these causes, unless we except the diversion of labor to army service and the scarcity of land and water transportation, applies particularly to the United States; yet, we have had our share of the abnormal rise in prices.

"We have not a depreciated currency. It is exchangeable for gold today. Bankers have within two months drawn nearly \$100,000,000 from the Federal Reserve to export, setting it on exactly the same terms as those on which they could have got the Federal Reserve notes, and getting it, if they choose, in exchange for the notes, dollar for dollar.

"The solidarity of the economic world is such today that even a heavily depreciated currency in one of our more important nations will have its effect on all other states in close relations with it and certainly the prodigious waste and shortage of all foodstuffs and material in Europe have necessitated wholly abnormal profits on American production and supplies.

Conditions Are Abnormal.

"Undoubtedly abnormal conditions have made it possible, in some markets and some commodities, for producers or merchants to take undue advantage of consumers. The public inquiries should be made useful in discovering where this has been done and in preventing its continuance.

"But it is easy to expect too much. Even in the matter of the price of wheat, in which there has heretofore been much talk of the wide divergence between the high price guaranteed to the American farmer and a supposedly much lower 'world price' on open competitive selling, the case is by no means clear. In other markets of the world where wheat a few weeks ago, was selling 20 to 40 cents below our guarantee, the recent tendency has been for prices to rise to the American level and in some markets to surpass it.

"Time prices will correct themselves in such commodities as food, in which a great increase of world production, even with Russia still eliminated, is inevitable. But the actual shortage must be removed before this happens, and that can hardly be done over night.

"When one considers commodities like cotton, where production is still deficient, through the accidents of nature, even for the needs of a normal situation, the case is emphasized. 'Rents' will presumably come down when the building program, which was virtually abandoned during the period of our own participation in the war, has been able to make good the existing shortage; but that, too, is a matter of time.

"Meanwhile, whatever the Government can do by way of restraining unjust pushing up of prices ought to be done with a firm hand."

Stock prices closed rather sharply lower for the week, owing to a flurry in call rates that sent money up to 15 per cent. Trading also was influenced by disturbances in the laboring world, and increasing unrest due to the high cost of living. The Stock Exchange was closed yesterday to permit brokerage houses to catch up on their work, owing to the heavy volume of recent sales.

Foreign Exchange Closed.

LONDON, Aug. 2.—The exchange here was closed yesterday. The exchange here was closed yesterday. The exchange here was closed yesterday.

NEW YORK STOCKS

By Special Wire to the Post-Dispatch.

FOR WEEK ENDING AUG. 2.

STOCKS.

Industrial.

Am. Sugar, 4.40 04 00 90% 3

Am. Can. 21.00 04 00 90% 3

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Unlisted Securities.

Reported by Mark C. Steinhilber & Co., Investment Bankers, 100 Nassau St., New York.

ST. LOUIS (Missouri).

American Steel Co. 270 145

Burlington 270 145

Chicago 270 145

Columbia 270 145

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Chicago Provisions.

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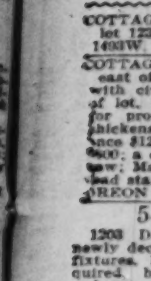
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Strike Suggested to Get Carl Mays Back on Payroll

EXCLUSIVE PROCESS
• UNION MADE •
PATTERSON BROS. TOBACCO CO. INC.
DUBLIN, IRELAND • VIRGINIA

EXCLUSIVE PROCESS
• UNION MADE •
PATTERSON BROS. TOBACCO CO. INC.
RICHMOND • VIRGINIA
If your dealer does not handle
them, write us.

BUN



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H. CO.,
COTTAGE
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BUNGALOW—For streets made:
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COTTAGE—For sale
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COTTAGE—For a General Motor Natural Bridge blocks north. 4

STRODTM
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brick cottage, 6
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COTTAGE—For sale

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frame; bath, electr
en, \$1000 for g
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NGALOW—For sale
ception hall, tile
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STAGE—For sale;
room cottage, bath
cellar, etc.; lot 24
wanted.
ANE & FRANK
STAGE—For sale;
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TAGE—For sale. Composite Catholic m. gas and elect den; make first for yourself. 2150

TAGE—For sale. 19 Claxton av. 8

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LAND-For sale
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LAND-For sale
1 acre, 1/2
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LAND-For sale,
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poultry land nea
Price only \$200.
L-1825-Imports
size valley 80,
View Mo.
PLANTATION-For
for sale
suitable for sto
plantation, drain

ACRES—only half
8 miles from Pa.
specification.
Mo.

COUNTRY FARM
close to city;
Post-Dispatch.
New-Diaphach.

IMPROVED
white H.
Ever Drainage L.
fruit trees; fine
water for domestic
use.
Wauke for descrip-
tion.
Hawley County Co.
Central Missouri.

3000 ACRES unim-
proved better; \$37.50.
600 MISSOURI ac-
res; improved; fine
timber; fruit trees;
240 ACRES, rich
all level, rocky
bottom; good water;
165 ACRES, black
red value. Mo.
Louis.

2000 ACRES, one
County.
MOTTZ, 725 W.

129 ACRES, im-
proved; fruit trees;
Owner old, must
sell.
Post-Dispatch.

200 ACRES, all
fruit trees; Wa-
rany deer; Mott
Lewis.

25 ACRES, 20
house, outbuild-
ings; fruit trees, spring
water; E. K. 1747.
Mrs. Ralph Mott.

ACREAGE—For sale
in large tract, near
road; land partly
cultivated.

rights reserved; no
Arkansas Land Com-
mission.

FRANKLIN CO.
For sale, 195 acres
of land, 100 acres of
road, rural mall on
valley land; on a
small creek, 100 acres
springs, orchard, live
oaks and grain farm.
Call for more details.
GEORGE H. HE
810 Chestnut st., r

A FINE M
For sale, 195 acres
all fenced, land lay
peach orchard; im
road and large
springs; all in good
from city, live oak
and grain farm.
Call for more details.
Call for more details.
GEORGE H. HE
810 Chestnut st., r

SEE THIS
For sale, 195 acres
in cultivation
house, new barn,
road, live oak and
phone, clatern, a
good land in good
condition.
GEORGE H. HE
810 Chestnut st., r

3-Acre P
All in cultivation
James, Mo.; rural to
on Oak Ridge; con-
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Nicks, Mo.; rural to
Harms for sale.

201 acres, near Little River. 1000 houses; large orchard. **W. CUNLIFF**, 2205
Little River

In tracts of 60 acres
valley. These are
on remained
with wire; improved
large porch, good
well; has well.
on auto road, small
a very fine country
estate. **W. CUNLIFF**,
210 Chestnut st.

WELL-ROV
Park, 10 miles west
of Valley. 1000
stations at Valley
of; or will sell
the property. **W. CUNLIFF**,
210 Chestnut st.

CHAMBER can now
be sold. **W. CUNLIFF**,
210 Chestnut st.

HENRY E.

40 ACRES
Orchard—200
Five-room house,
Pond of stock,
large
springs. The Improv
ment. **W. CUNLIFF**,
210 Chestnut st.

Fourth Floor.

Coburg

About two miles
from the
Burlington line, at
the junction of the
line running
north, the
small tract of 5 to
10 acres, to 200
acres. **W. CUNLIFF**,
210 Chestnut st.

[illegible]

NEGROES STILL BARRED IN CHICAGO STOCKYARDS

Backers and Governor Fear Presence
Would Bring About More
Riots.

By the Associated Press.

CHICAGO, Aug. 2.—As a result of the fire which early today destroyed six blocks of homes of stock yards negro labor at the yards will be barred to prevent a possible recurrence of race rioting. This announcement was made tonight after a conference of Gov. Lowden and the packers.

The stock yards district had been a storm center of racial feeling during the riots, and with the disappearance of serious outbreaks yesterday, it had been planned for the 16,000 negro workers to return to their posts at the stock yards tomorrow. But the fire, which many of the foreign workers who were made homeless declared was started by negroes, aggravated feeling and changed the plans.

Gov. Lowden was inclined to believe that labor trouble rather than race feeling was responsible for the fire. The homes burned were chiefly those of Polish and Lithuanian families and the Governor thought that racial labor men had started the fire because foreign workers in the stock yards had not supported their plans.

Except about the stock yards, racial feeling seemed to have subsided tonight.

Coroner Hoffman announced today that no marks of violence had been found on the body of Eugene Williams, a negro youth, who was reported struck and knocked from a raft into Lake Michigan last Sunday at the Twenty-ninth street bathing beach when stone throwing precipitated the riots. The coroner stated that the negro had not been struck by stones but had been struck by George Stauber, white, is being held by the police on a charge of murder in connection with Williams' death.

TAX CONCERN PROMOTER GUILTY

By the Associated Press.

NEW YORK, Aug. 2.—William Lustgarten, organizer of the Tax Lien Co. of New York, which failed in August, 1917, with estimated losses to investors of \$500,000, was found guilty today of grand larceny.

Lustgarten was arrested in France, where he was serving as a Corporal in the 39th Engineers. When his company closed its doors, Lustgarten disappeared, leaving a note threatening suicide. He enlisted under the name of Allen H. Wilson. He was traced to Savanay, France. Several other indictments are pending against Lustgarten, who was repatriated to the Tombs to await sentence.

USED PLAYERS

These Money-Saving
Values Can Be Had
Tomorrow

\$10.00 Worth of Music and
Bench Free With Each Player



Kimball
If you are thinking of purchasing a Player-Piano, come here and see this \$15-note player. It is in excellent condition. Has been used with discretion. When new it sold for \$175.00—now offered on terms to suit your own convenience for only—



Apollo
THIS \$15-note Player-Piano has a sweet tone and easy action. Has been used only a short time and is in nice condition. When new it sold for \$200.00. For—



Kingston
THIS Player-Piano has been taken in as part payment on a new instrument. Has been overhauled, and when new it sold for \$150.00—a very unusual bargain for someone. We offer it for it with \$10 worth of music and bench for—

**The Rudolph
Muller Co.**
109 Olive St.

NEW GOVERNMENT RULES IN BUDAPEST WITH BELA KUN OUT

Dictator Ousted and Negotiations for Peace With Allies Are Begun by Reformed Cabinet.

REFUGEES ON WAY
BACK TO HOMES

Martial Law Established With Immediate Execution of Any Person Caught Pilaging.

By the Associated Press.

VIENNA, Aug. 2.—Budapest is orderly today while picked troops patrol the streets following the establishment of a new Government. The commune was overthrown Thursday with the resignation of Bela Kun, virtual dictator, and the opening of negotiations with the allies for peace.

The troops now at the front were informed that they may retire, as it is stated in Budapest that Rumanian forces along the Theiss River had received orders from the peace conference at Paris not to advance further toward Budapest.

Early today thousands of Hungarians who fled from their homes during the reign of the Soviet Government began returning to Budapest. All that now is left of the Soviet is the Soldiers' and Laborers' Council.

The new Hungarian Cabinet is headed over by Jules Peill, who formerly was Minister of the People's Welfare in the Count Karolyi Cabinet.

Bela Kun has been furnished a safe conduct by the allies and is expected to seek refuge here. It is felt that his life would be endangered if he remained in Budapest.

On receipt of news from the front that created consternation in Budapest, Hun, at a meeting of the Soviet Socialist, became pale of face and declared:

"Very well. If you demand it I must resign. I made the best fight I could."

Capt. Thomas C. Gregory, the United States Food Administrator in this region, is credited with a large share in the hastening of Bela Kun's retirement.

Capt. Gregory has arranged for food relief for Budapest. He is bringing up supplies from the Banat region and also is sending them down the Danube from Austria.

The resignation of Bela Kun was precipitated by the Rumanian successes along the River Theiss, and the rout of the Hungarian Red army.

The peace conference, as it made clear in a recent statement, had found it impossible to deal with him because of his failure to keep armistice agreements. Likewise, it regarded his rule as not truly representative of the Hungarian people.

Peace Conference Circles Satisfied With New Hungarian Cabinet.

By the Associated Press.

PARIS, Aug. 2.—Hungary's new Government was commented upon generally in peace conference circles today as being moderate and one that can be dealt with by the allies.

Virtually all members of the provisional government were said to be Socialists of the right or of the extreme right and regarded as temperate in their views.

City News in Brief

POLICE ITEMS

BURGLARS YESTERDAY BROKE INTO the office of the fuel store conducted by Edward Hille and North Broadway, carried away five sacks of flour, 50 pounds to the sack, and also half sacks weighing 48 pounds each. The flour is valued at \$60.

FRED W. HOLTMAN, A BARTENDER at Becker's Cafe, 519 Market street, told police yesterday that he had seen a man in a suit and tie, who was carrying a briefcase, enter the cafe and sit down at a table. He was wearing a dark suit and tie, and was carrying a briefcase. He was wearing a dark suit and tie, and was carrying a briefcase.

INTERVIEWING THE THEFT OF \$50 AND \$100 in 2-cent stamps from a safe in the office of the First National Bank, yesterday, police arrested a porter and a clerk. The porter, who was carrying a briefcase, was carrying a briefcase. The clerk, who was carrying a briefcase, was carrying a briefcase.

MRS. ETHEL MARQUARD of 4501 Labadie avenue reported to the police the disappearance of a diamond ring containing diamonds and other jewels valued at \$1500. The ring was missing from her finger. The ring was missing from her finger.

THE INSTITUTE OF THE EPWORTH League of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the city will meet at Lebanon, Ill., this week. The first delegation will depart Monday.

RABBI A. E. HALPERN of Congregation B'nai B'rith, who is spending the summer with his family in St. Louis, announces the birth of a daughter on July 31.

WILLIAM HILL, 22, 616 PAGE AVENUE, suffered fractured skull, and his brother, Fred Hill, 24, 616 PAGE AVENUE, minor injuries yesterday when a motor cycle on which they were riding skidded and threw them to the wet pavement on Delmar boulevard, west of Grand avenue. Both were taken to their homes.

POLICE FOLLOW WOMAN AND ARREST A THEFT SUSPECT

John Paner, Captured After Chase, Found to Have Quantity of Morphine on His Person.

A trap set by the police for the arrest of a man who stole \$5 from the cash drawer of the Excelsior Laundry, 1912 North Grand avenue, a week ago, resulted yesterday in the arrest of John Paner, 25 years old, 3565 Franklin avenue. He was captured after a chase from Grand and Franklin avenues to Bell and Channing avenues, several shots being fired by policemen.

He was identified as the man after whose visit to the laundry the money was missed, and who fled from the same laundry two days later when, he having purposely been left alone in the office, a bell which had been placed on the till rang an alarm. The bundle of laundry which he had called for and left behind was called

for yesterday by a woman, who was followed by policemen and watched when she attempted to deliver the parcel to Paner, who ran on seeing the patrolman. She was arrested, and said she was Mrs. Muriel Paner, wife of the suspect.

Paner wore a truss, in a secret compartment of which were found two hypodermic needles and a quantity of morphine. In his pocket was a letter signed "H." which stated that the writer "could easily trade C. and H. for M. here in Detroit." The police interpreted the initials to mean cocaine, heroin and morphine. Paner denied knowledge of the theft, but pleaded for permission to use some of the morphine. He was charged with robbery and suspected of violation of the Harrison drug act.

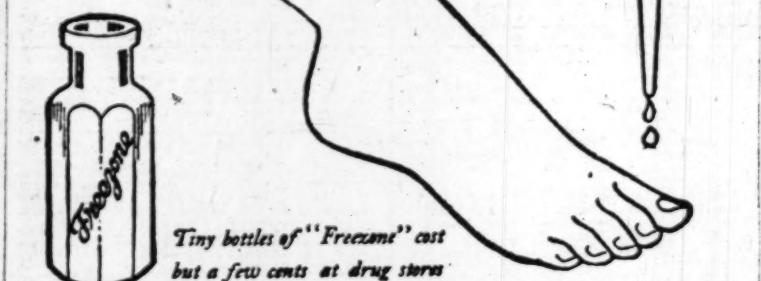
Lawyer (to handsome female defendant): Sob a whole lot, but shed no tears. Nothing will prejudice a jury against you like a red nose and watery eye.—Boston Globe.

Lift Off Corns!

Doesn't hurt! Lift touchy corns and calluses right off with fingers

Apply a few drops of "Freezone" upon that old, bothersome corn. Instantly that corn stops hurting. Then shortly you lift it right off, root and all, without pain or soreness.

Hard corns, soft corns, corns between the toes, and the hard corn calluses on bottom of feet lift right off no hurt!



Tiny bottle of "Freezone" cost but a few cents at drug stores

—ADV.

BRITISH LABOR LEADER HEADS INTERNATIONAL FEDERATION

Nominee of Samuel Gompers Is Elected Over Dutch Candidate

By the Associated Press.

AMSTERDAM, Friday, Aug. 1.—W. A. Appleton, secretary of the General Federation of Trades Unions of Great Britain, who today was elected president of the International Trade Union Federation, was proposed for the office by Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor. Appleton was

chosen by 31 votes, as against 18 for President Oudegeest of the Dutch Labor Federation.

Leon Johaux, the French labor leader, was chosen first vice president, receiving 30 votes to 19 for Carl Rudolph Legien, president of the German Federation of Trades Unions. Legien declined to accept the second vice presidency or any other offices, as he said the meeting appeared to displease the Germans. The Austrians also refused to participate as office holders.

M. Mariens, the Belgian leader, was elected second vice president. Twenty-eight votes were cast for him, the German, Austrian and Scandinavian delegates not voting.

Gompers declared later that Americans might accept office in the new organization when the South American membership becomes better organized.

Spain's Senate Unanimous for League

MADRID, Friday, Aug. 1.—The Senate today voted a bill authorizing the Government to join the league of nations. The vote was unanimous.

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Experienced: part work
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pay 60 per cent better
CLO R. J. Jenson
Experienced on
steady work. \$115

LE HOUSEHOLD GOODS FOR SA

DAVENPORT—For sale; good condition; ply John Kirchner, janitor, 4444 Ave.
DAVENETTE SETS—For sale; furnished and mahogany; also new; big lot also from Levy Bros., 311-13-15 S. 14th st.
DAVENETTE SUITE—For sale; 4-piece mahogany, tapestry upholstered; like 4719 Alaska av.
DAVENETTE SUIT—For sale; furnished; Spanish leather; almost new; mahogany frame, bargain. 206 South Jefferson.
DAVENETTE—For sale; furnished; mahogany; 4-piece; like 4719 Alaska av.

DAVENETTE SET—For sale: 4 piece table, dark oak; excellent condition; cost \$125; bargain. 5328 Easton.

DAVENETTE SUITE—For sale: good closet, bachelor's wardrobe, dresser, chairs, gas stove, rugs. Call Sund...

DAVENETTE SET—For sale, mahogany library table, blue kitchen cabinet, cushion range and davenette. Call Monday. Sherandoah.

DAVENETTE, \$27.50: oak dresser, \$25.00; bed, \$4; fine dresser and chiffonier, body Brussels, Axminster rug, davenette, library table, bookcase, chiffonier, bed.

DAVENETTE SET—For sale, massive hogany, and table; beautiful walnut dining room suite, William and Mary design; mahogany and American walnut beds; suites; rugs, floor lamp; almost new; reasonable. 4201 Maryland av.

DAVENO SUITE—For sale: dining room furniture, Circassian walnut bedroom set also complete combination ranges, sink, cast iron teapots.

good guaranteed to give satisfaction.
Stern, 2900 Franklin.

DAVENPORT—For sale, and 2 cameras.
class condition. 4059B Lucky

DAVENPORT \$5; wardrobe. \$5; variety
\$10. 2530 S. 12th st.

DAVENPORT—For sale; in excellent
condition. Grand 5744J.

DESK—Roll-top; \$15; cost \$40; book
chairs, rug, library table. 3523 Olive

DINING ROOM FURNITURE—For sale: tension table and 6 chairs; brand-new will sell for \$25. 4496 Penrose.

DINING ROOM SET—For sale; hand-made 16 pieces; bargain. 1274 Oak court.

DINING-ROOM SET—For sale; big ba
Cabany 2353J.

DINING SET—For sale, golden oak.
3615 Laclede av.

DINING SET—For sale, round table, bu
4 chairs, \$12. 6225 Page.

DINING SET—For sale; turned oak;
new; moving, \$60.00. 3328 Missouri
Sunday a. m.

DINING-ROOM SET—For sale; buffet, dining table, 6 chairs; bargain. 8328 Easton.
like new; bargain. 8328 Easton.

DINING-ROOM SET—For sale; furnished; like new; \$60; moving. 8326 Missouri. Sunday morning.

DINING ROOM SET—For sale; parlor; like new. 2344 Virginia av., Sunday. Monday, 10 to 2 o'clock.

DINING-ROOM SET—For sale; mission; excellent condition; reasonable. 1044

DINING-ROOM SET—For sale: 54-inch table, 7 chairs, one arm chair, mfr. \$75. Victor 2627L. 3147 Cherokee.

DINING ROOM SET—For sale; fumed o. buffet, table and 6 chairs; fign. cotton; \$45. 5390 Easton.

DINING ROOM SET—For sale; beautiful carved, 9-piece, golden oak; like new; bargain; leather mahogany bed davenport. Remple av.

DINING ROOM SET—For sale, buffet, chairs, sideboards, kitchen cabinets, table, chairs, gas stove, iceboxes, rugs and linens. Call Monday. 2021 Shenandoah.

DINING ROOM SUITE—For sale; beautiful early English; 10 pieces; priced right; living city. Phone Sidney 841.

DINING-ROOM SUITE—For sale; nice rug; also davenport like new; no deal. Call 9 to 4. 3737 Potomac.

DINING-ROOM SUITE—For sale, beautiful 10-piece Early English; cost \$1,000; will sacrifice for \$175. Call Monday.

DINING ROOM SUITE—For sale; Early English, large buffet, table, china closet, leather seat chairs; very fine; at a bargain for cash. New York Storage Co., E. Wash. street.

DINING SUITE—Almost new; separate together; player-piano, bedrooms, living room furniture, phonograph, rugs; bargain. Owner, 5127 Cabanne.

DINING ROOM SUITE—For sale, also BRUNNEN and Mexican import furniture.

DINING TABLE—For sale: round; Com range; ladies' clothing; leaving city. S. Southwest av.

DINING TABLE—For sale, drop-leaf, Flemish oak; 4 tapestry seat chairs; match; used one month. 8026 Cates.

DIVAN—For sale, small colonial mahogany.

DRESSER—For sale, mahogany dresser & chiffonier \$35. 3615 Laclede.

DRESSER—For sale; mahogany, 5300 Easton, bargain; \$24 each. 5300 Easton.

DRESSER—For sale, and chiffonier, ch 3225A Texas av.

DRESSER—For sale; mantle clock and 1 holstered chair; gas range. 4424 N. 24.

DRESSER—For sale; 49 inches; chiffonier 45 inches; mahogany 5314 St. Louis.

DRESSER—For sale; Princess; new bird's nest; cost \$115; sell for \$25. 3454A Ohio.

DRESSER—For sale; heater and

FEATHER BED—For sale, made of
feathers. 4049 Maffitt. Lindell 3742

DRESSERS—For sale. 2: wardrobe, pillow
beds, violin, marble pedestal, jardiniere
bedding. 5225 Kensington.

DRESSER—For sale: bed, buffet, table.
stove. Call Monday or Tuesday,
Park.

DRESSER—For sale: golden oak: two
drawers like

DRESSER—For sale, American walnut; recently new; reasonable; call after 8 p. Sunday, 4719A Northland.

DRESSING TABLE—For sale, mahogany finish, 1518A Franklin.

DRESSER—For sale; mulberry; velvet in tiers; grandfather clock; small mahogany serving table; pictures and ornaments; Monday morning between 9 and 12.

ELECTRIC STOVE—For sale, automatic, first-class condition; \$145, worth \$190. See Utah.

ELECTRIC WASHING MACHINE—For sale, slightly used; good condition; bargain. See Olive st.

FOLDING BEDS—For sale; large quantity with large mirrors; good condition; cheap. See Olive st. #2.

FOLDING BED—For sale; oak; like new.

FIRELESS COOKER—For sale: Acme; 3 sections, copper lined; \$7.50. 8208 Alhambra.

FURNITURE—For sale. Call 4388 Glen.

FURNITURE—For sale, contents of a 2-bd flat, 750 N. Newstead.

FURNITURE—For sale, contents 8-room; also lot of linen. 4576A Larchmont.

FURNITURE—For sale, contents of a

FURNITURE—For sale, cheap; leaving city. Call between 9 and 2, 2306 S. 11th st.

FURNITURE—For sale, complete flat. Furniture: also coal, wood. 2814A Lincoln.

FURNITURE—For sale; no dealers. W. For. 6167 Ella.

FURNITURE—For sale; no dealers. Benton st.

FURNITURE—For sale; dresser, bed table. 7115 S. 4th st.

FURNITURE—For sale, of 6-room home complete 18 E. Spring.

FURNITURE—For sale, of entire flat. 4743 Vernon.

FURNITURE—For sale: contents of room flat. 1218A Walton av.

FURNITURE—For sale, entire furnishings 3 rooms. 1443A Mullanny.

FURNITURE—For sale, for 3 rooms. Idaho.

FURNITURE—For sale, of 3 rooms; \$1000.00. **Manchester.**

FURNITURE—For sale; contents of 2 rooms. **Keokuk.**

FURNITURE—For sale; bird's eye maple bedroom set; \$250. **3613 Laclede.**

FURNITURE—For sale; first-class. **Delaware.**

FURNITURE—For sale; 1 mahogany table.

2 mahogany and cane chairs. Phone
any 6947.

ROOMS FOR RENT—SOUTH

ROOM—Ladies, to share beautifully furnished apartment, all modern, central heat, electric, gas, bath, kitchen, laundry, and laundry facilities; near city hall. Phone 1000. (1)

RUSSELL, 2707—Two furnished rooms for rent, housekeeping. (1)

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WEST

ACADEMY, 606—Furnished front room, continuous hot water, Forest 1007. (1)

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ROOMS FOR RENT—WEST

ENRIGHT, 4178—Two 2nd or 3rd housekeeping, all modern, central heat, electric, gas, bath, kitchen, laundry, and laundry facilities; near city hall. Phone 1000. (1)

ENRIGHT, 4178—Two 2nd or 3rd housekeeping, all modern, central heat, electric, gas, bath, kitchen, laundry, and laundry facilities; near city hall. Phone 1000. (1)

ENRIGHT, 4178—Two 2nd or 3rd housekeeping, all modern, central heat, electric, gas, bath, kitchen, laundry, and laundry facilities; near city hall. Phone 1000. (1)

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ENRIGHT, 4178—Two 2nd or 3rd housekeeping, all modern, central heat, electric, gas, bath, kitchen, laundry, and laundry facilities; near city hall. Phone 1000. (1)

ENRIGHT, 4178—Two 2nd or 3rd housekeeping, all modern, central heat, electric, gas, bath, kitchen, laundry, and laundry facilities; near city hall. Phone 1000. (1)

ENRIGHT, 4178—Two 2nd or 3rd housekeeping, all modern, central heat, electric, gas, bath, kitchen, laundry, and laundry facilities; near city hall. Phone 1000. (1)

ENRIGHT, 4178—Two 2nd or 3rd housekeeping, all modern, central heat, electric, gas, bath, kitchen, laundry, and laundry facilities; near city hall. Phone 1000. (1)

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ENRIGHT, 4178—Two 2nd or 3rd housekeeping, all modern, central heat, electric, gas, bath, kitchen, laundry, and laundry facilities; near city hall. Phone 1000. (1)

ROOMS FOR RENT—WEST

MINERVA, 5213—Furnished 2nd-story room, all modern, central heat, electric, gas, bath, kitchen, laundry, and laundry facilities; near city hall. Phone 1000. (1)

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MINERVA, 5213—Furnished 2nd-story room, all modern, central heat, electric, gas, bath, kitchen, laundry, and laundry facilities; near city hall. Phone 1000. (1)

ROOMS FOR RENT—WEST

WASHINGTON BL., 3800—Cooler, cleaner, 2nd-story room, all modern, central heat, electric, gas, bath, kitchen, laundry, and laundry facilities; near city hall. Phone 1000. (1)

WASHINGTON BL., 3800—Cooler, cleaner, 2nd-story room, all modern, central heat, electric, gas, bath, kitchen, laundry, and laundry facilities; near city hall. Phone 1000. (1)

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ROOMS WITH BOARD—SOUTH

CLEVELAND, 3803—Board and room for gentlemen, references exchanged. (1)

CLEVELAND, 3803—Board and room for gentlemen, references exchanged. (1)

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WEST

RAYARD, 1355—Wanted to board by two young men, age of five and ten or eleven years; best of care. (1)

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NORTH

CHAMBERLAIN, 5021—One or two beautiful furnished rooms, with board, reference furnished. (1)

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ROOMS FOR RENT—COLORED

BALDWIN, 2821—2 rooms, \$5.00; one, \$3.25. (1)

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MISCELLANEOUS

ROOM AND BOARD—By young gentleman, in refined, private family. West End. References. Phone 1000. (1)

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Three Girls Are Champion Canners
Selected From St. Louis Clubs

Three Girls Chosen From City Competition to Compete at State Fair.

Champions of the Boys' and Girls' Canning Clubs of St. Louis were chosen yesterday in competition of 10 finalists in the St. Louis City Club building. The winners, who will represent the city in State competition at the Sedalia State Fair, were Edith Burr, 16 years old, 5544 Vinton avenue, St. Louis; Ruth Cain, 16 years old, 3500A Vista avenue, McKinley Canning Club; and Mary E. Tierman, 14, 4242 West Pine boulevard, Central High Canning Club.

The boys reached the finals, though several competed in the semi-finals, which were held Friday. Alternates selected yesterday were: Florence Crancer, 13, 6234 Conde street, Bryn Mawr Canning Club; Edith Burr, 16, 5544 Vinton avenue, McKinley Canning Club; and Mary E. Tierman, 14, 4242 West Pine boulevard, Central High Canning Club.

The preparation of the 1919 St. Louis team began immediately after its selection. Decision in contest upon skill in handling apparatus and materials, proficiency in lecturing and upon teamwork. It is upon this last test that the three St. Louis champions will be schooled.

Judges of the competition were Miss Gertrude Warren of the national office of the Boys' and Girls' Canning Clubs in Washington, D. C.; Edith Root, representative of the Missouri College of Agriculture; J. J. Burns of the St. Louis Advisory Committee of the club and Mrs. Alfred Bush, manager of the movement.

Exhibits of the work of the St. Louis canning clubs will be sent to the Sedalia Fair and also will be displayed in public library branches of the city and in the city. The Sedalia exhibit will be 100 jars of fruit and vegetables. Prizes of 10 have been offered to the boy who presents the best jar, and to the girl who presents the best jar, and to the boy and girl who present the best display.

Through the generosity of the St. Louis Canning Clubs will be an exhibit of the work of the city, according to a decision reached by the canning club directors yesterday.

Prizes of \$5 each have been offered for the best display of canned produce by any one boy or girl, and for the best individual jar offered by a boy and girl. These prizes will be awarded at a public exhibition of the canning clubs that will be held at the city hall.

Miner Alfred Bradbury and David McWilliams, Miss Lillian Hill and J. J. Burns will award the prizes.

CLAYTON WOMEN WANT PLACE ON DISTRICT SCHOOL BOARD

Advocate Appointment of Mrs. Merton to Fill Vacancy Caused by Resignation.

A movement of the women of Clayton to have Mrs. Merton appointed to a place on the Clayton District School Board has manifested itself.

Early last week, it is said, the women of the district were apprised of the fact that John Gruening, who had been elected to the board, had resigned on account of his removal from Clayton to Webster Groves. They immediately decided upon putting forward a woman candidate for the vacancy. Competed to fill the school board, the school district and the four other board members, to present the claims of Mrs. Merton for the vacancy. Other delegations of women will attend the meeting of the board, which is scheduled to take place in the Clayton Courthouse Wednesday morning, and there Mrs. Merton has two children attending the Clayton schools, one in the high school and the other in the grade school. She comes from a family of educators, and has been in the school system for many years. During the war she was active in Red Cross work and other war relief.

Thief Trap Catches Customer

Henry Phillips, proprietor of a luncheon room and tobacco store, 2317 North Broadway, told police yesterday how he had rigged up a homemade "thief trap" in his store consisting of a bottle and a string. It was so arranged that when a thief showed case in front was opened the bottle would fall to the floor.

When a customer came in yesterday Phillips went to the rear to fill an order. The bottle dropped and he ran out and grabbed the customer. The cigar case was open and the customer said that a street car had sprung the trap. Phillips was released and the thief was not caught.

Irish Resolution to Spencer

Resolutions signed by C. J. Dolan, chairman of the Resolutions Committee of the Washington, D. C., have been drafted calling upon Senator Spencer to vote against the treaty of peace unless Article 10 of the proposed league of nations is eliminated.

The resolutions also recite that Senator Spencer's proposed reservations leave wholly untouched the objectionable article of the covenant of the league of nations. Dolan, who is now a practicing attorney in St. Louis, was at one time a member of the British Parliament.

ROOMS AND BOARD WANTED

FARM HOME Wd.—Home for boy 14 years old on a farm. Box Y-240. Post-Dispatch.

ROOM AND BOARD Wd.—Young lady employed, South Side preferred. Box Y-240. Post-Dispatch.

ROOM AND BOARD Wd.—For one, state price. Address Box Y-240. Post-Dispatch.

ROOM Wd.—By middle-aged gentleman, home of widow or small family. Box A-240. Post-Dispatch.

ROOM AND BOARD Wd.—By young lady employed, state price. Box Y-240. Post-Dispatch.

ROOM AND BOARD Wd.—By man and daughter, 12; please give price. Box Y-240. Post-Dispatch.

ROOM AND BOARD Wd.—For lady employed, 10 years old; South Side. Box Y-240. Post-Dispatch.

ROOM AND BOARD Wd.—By man and daughter, 12; please give price. Box Y-240. Post-Dispatch.

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The POST-DISPATCH SUNDAY MAGAZINE

ST. LOUIS, MO., AUGUST 3, 1919.

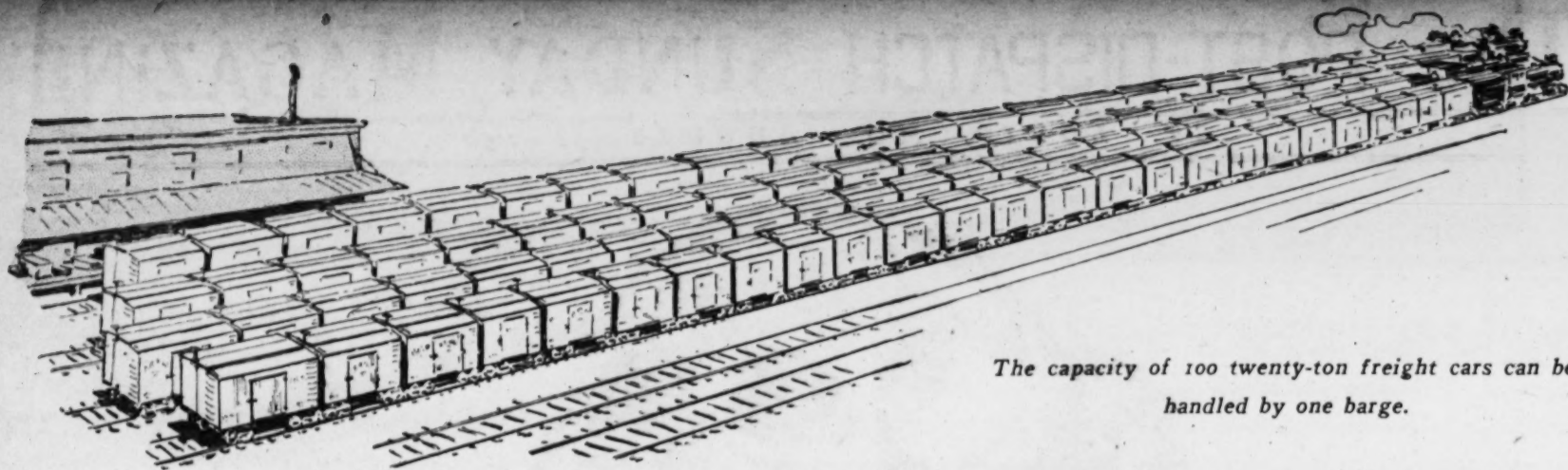


THIS is one of the posters distributed broadcast over Germany by the new Democratic Government when it was engaged in a life-and-death grapple with the Spartan uprising. A translation of the legend beneath the figure is: "THE DANGER OF BOLSHEVISM."

SHOPPERS GUIDE



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The capacity of 100 twenty-ton freight cars can be handled by one barge.

RIVER BARGES AND ST. LOUIS BUSINESS - A VISTA OF THE NEW TRADE ARTERY -

HOW many St. Louisans realize the tremendous capacity of the barges being supplied for use on the Mississippi River between St. Louis and New Orleans? Comparatively few, in all probability. Unless one has gained special information on the subject he is quite likely to underestimate, being accustomed to trucks and freight cars as units of freight measure.

Each of the barges will, as a matter of fact, hold the tonnage carried in 100 ordinary freight cars, or what amounts in Western railroad traffic to two trainloads. The estimate is based on an average capacity of 20 tons to a freight car. The barges have each a capacity of 2000 tons. This is based on an average freight in each case, of course; obviously the quantity of feathers or millinery required to load either a car or a barge would weigh less, for instance, than if the load were of grain, or agricultural implements.

The barges, of which a fleet of 40, costing a total of \$7,000,000, is to be put into commission on the Mississippi, are 230 feet in length and 45 feet in width. Inside dimensions—cargo space—are: Length, 190 feet; width, 37 feet; height, 17 1/2 feet. A more graphic idea is obtained by the fact, that one of the barges, if placed on Olive street, would just about fill the street from building to building, from Eleventh to Twelfth.

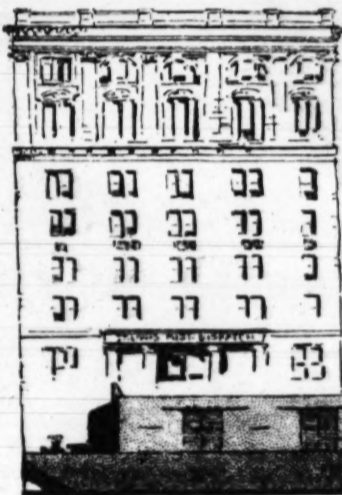
Four to five barges are utilized in a single tow. Thus a fleet will carry, on the downstream movement, a maximum of 500 cars of freight. This is all pushed by one towboat.

When the first of the new barges was launched at Pittsburg, Pa., in June, it was estimated at least 12 would be delivered by Dec. 1. The method of delivery is to tow the completed barges down the Ohio River to Cairo, Ill., then up the Mississippi to St. Louis, to be put into service as they arrive. The 12, when in commission, will add about one-third to the capacity of the fleet as it existed previous to the construction of the new barges.

It is quite generally agreed, now that a large fleet of barges is assured, that the next great need in the campaign for increased use of the Mississippi is better terminals. M. J. Sanders, Federal manager of the barge line, emphasized that upon his return recently from an inspection trip in Europe.

Absence of proper terminals has been accentuated recently by the attitude of Comptroller Nolte of St. Louis in discouraging an inspection trip by a committee of Aldermen, and by an examination into the situation at New Orleans. Nolte insisted that the plan for an inspection trip be abandoned, asserting that there was only one terminal

New fleet of cargo carriers coming to the Mississippi—Twelve promised by December—Single tows that will handle 10 average trainloads—Tremendous length and breadth of barges—Strain on terminal facilities



If placed on Olive street one of the new barges would practically fill the street from Eleventh to Twelfth.

to be seen between St. Louis and the Gulf. This is at Memphis, and Memphis is not particularly proud of it. It is an old wooden warehouse, on a bluff 100 feet above the river, and was purchased by Memphis for temporary use until a decision could be reached regarding the best use of a \$1,000,000 fund Memphis has voted for terminals.

An investigation at New Orleans has indicated that although that port has splendid dock facilities for overland freight, it is not in a satisfactory condition for handling river traffic. This is particularly true of the increased tonnage that is expected to follow the full installation of new barges. Friends of New Orleans insist, however, that she will meet this situation with the same kind of forward-looking tactics that have conquered her other terminal problems in the past.

St. Louis, in the meantime, gives promise of properly meeting the need for greater facilities which the additional barges will demand. Docks of sufficient capacity to handle the traffic will come with the increased requirements, it is believed, despite earlier delays in getting appropriations for such work from the city. Just how great are these demands on St. Louis and other river cities for terminal facilities—and cargoes—is graphically illustrated by the size and tremendous capacity of the new barges.

Supporters of the barge line are confident that through it is coming a renewed use of the Mississippi River as a great commercial highway. That it was a great freight highway previous to the coming of the

railroads is, of course, well known. Campaigns almost without number have been started at St. Louis and other points in the Mississippi Valley to bring back the river's former prestige, but effective action came finally only with the establishment of the barge line as a war emergency. The new fleet of huge barges described on this page may be viewed as a species of final proof that the river advocates are going to have every facility for testing their theories as to their practicability.

And while the barge line was begun as a war emergency it is rapidly

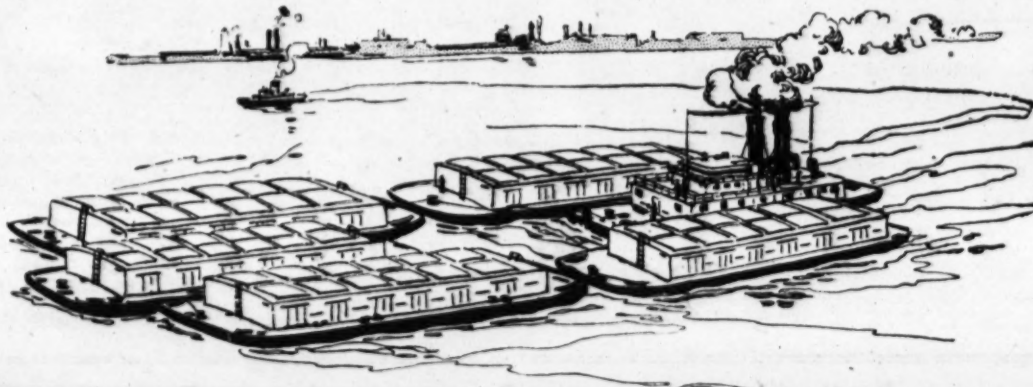
developing into a peace necessity. One of the factors gaining much support for it is the expansion of foreign trade that is so confidently expected by business men almost without an exception. The Mississippi River, with its new transportation facilities, practically makes seaports of St. Louis and such other cities along the river as shall establish the necessary terminal facilities.

In this respect it is expected that the barge line will do much to divert a great volume of freight to New Orleans for overseas trade that now goes to New York. Various new lines of steamers are to be established out of New Orleans, and the old lines making that port are adding to their sailings. Vast storage warehouses are being built there with the idea of making New Orleans a great deposit market, and in every way export trade development in the Mississippi Valley is being encouraged.

The river is, of course, a principal rallying point.

Freight moving down the river, or otherwise, to New Orleans has an important advantage over any other great port in the matter of distances, particularly to the West Coast of South America, and the barges with their enormous capacity add to the feasibility of capitalizing that advantage, along with others.

Thus is being opened up a vista of the new trade artery—indeed, of a new trade era—wherein the Mississippi will take its place with the other great inland waterways of the world.



Each towboat can push four to five barges downstream—a capacity, in one tow, equivalent to that of 500 freight cars, or ten average trainloads.

Twenty-Four Hours Inside the German Lines

(Continued From Page 3)

there is endless confusion. And if the army is in retreat there is no sleep, which only adds to the general appearance and feeling of disorganization. Almost the only guards are in the open, out in front of the foe, watching for a counter attack. There are none except traffic men within the lines. Officers and men are now moving in all directions on a hundred different missions. They are endeavoring to get their own outfits in shape for movement. They are trying to find their command. They are looking about to see if the material under their control is being properly handled and cared for. They are seeking comrades to whom they have entrusted their belongings. They are going back to the dug-out last occupied to get the papers and maps left there. They are going forward to see if the traffic jam has been cleared and the road is open for them. They are going to the left or right to find if the unit they are to follow is ready to move.

It would be impossible for all this work to be done with speed (and speed is the prime essential), if every man moving about had to stop at sentries placed 100 yards apart and give the countersign and explain his business before being allowed to proceed. It was often commented upon by correspondents that whereas one must be armed with all proper papers and credentials, passes and passwords when he was 20 kilometers back of the line, yet if he once got to the front he could wander at will without let or hindrance.

Through the first night, because of the darkness and rains, proximity of troops and his inability to locate himself, Ristine found no opportunity to return to his own lines. His wanderings took him almost to Chatel Chehery. The point to which he did go was not always left to his decision. If he happened to be proceeding in one direction and Germans appeared, it became necessary for him to speed up and pretend to be going about this important affair that he had on his mind.

The enemy was destroying ammunition near Fleville. From a hill near Chatel Chehery, Ristine could see by the light of the flames other accumulations of ammunition or supplies near by. He made a mental note of this to be referred to when he could next look at his map.

In the dusk and fog of the early morning the Germans became very active. Ristine thought the Americans were in Apremont and he was endeavoring to reach the river and at that time he heard and saw troops moving out of it towards him. He figured at once that they could not be Americans because if the Twenty-eighth Division was in Apremont they would not be coming into the sector of the Thirty-fifth. He crept as closely as he could to the moving column and listened attentively until he heard something said in German. Then he crept back and sought for cover against the coming day.

There was a hedge which ran across a vacant field. The rank grass was dead and rain soaked. The field had been untended for four years and the hedge untrimmed for the same time. There was a road nearby which Ristine had to come down and on this road he had passed many Germans, and some of them he had been forced to pass very close to. He knew that with the daylight his discovery was certain unless he found concealment. He crawled under the boughs of the hedge and, stealthily creeping forward some 30 yards, found a place from which he could watch both sides of his position and there he composed himself to spend the day.

By raising his head slightly he could see, on one side, the main highway to Fleville. By looking the other way he could see the road that led to Apremont. He had crawled into his place under the hedge when he observed a battery of four cannon coming from his right. He thought they were American guns, but kept his position until he made sure. They pulled into the field alongside of the hedge, limbered and within 30 minutes were in action. Through his belief that they were American guns he had allowed them to get between him and his own lines.

Soon many machine gunners appeared and also took position in the open field. Under the accepted rules of the game, these machine gunners would have taken position along the hedge, but the Germans dug fox holes in the open, put the excavated earth in bags and carried it away. With a few boughs in front of their position they were ready for work. All day long Ristine lay in the hedge watching the enemy battery and machine gunners work.

Within the American lines that day Capt. Nesbit of the 130th Machine Gun Battalion was ordered to take his company over the hill and down the road towards l'Esperance. As soon as he crossed the top of the hill he ran into a very heavy fire from the opposing machine guns. He had many killed and wounded. Finally his men took cover in the ditches and fox holes in the side of the road and he was able to bring over the hill only about 15 men. A high officer seeing him there, said: "Who are you?"

"I am Capt. Nesbit of the 130th Machine Gun Company," he replied.

"Where is your company?"



"There he composed himself to spend the day."

"This is my company," said Nesbit, pointing to the little group of 15 men.

"Well, you don't want to be wasting time around here," said the high officer, when Nesbit had explained the disaster which had befallen his command.

The burst of machine-gun fire which had shot up Nesbit's outfit came from the 20 or 25 guns which had been hurriedly placed near Ristine's point of concealment. Later investigation showed they were placed so as to command that stretch of road.

The location of any point on the map is given ordinarily by the use of numbers, a series of numbers will run across the top of the map and a series of different numbers along the sides. Thus if the co-ordinates were given 27.2-66.1, one would go to the map, follow the line from the top down the parallel and decimal given, then run a line from the side along the parallel and decimal given and where the lines cross would be the identical point on the map which the co-ordinates indicate. This method is used almost entirely in directing the fire of artillery.

Ristine noticed that the German airplanes flying back from over the American front would swoop low above the battery alongside him and then seem to be telegraphing with their machine guns. "Tap, tap—tap, tap, tap—tap—tap, tap, tap, tap—tap—tap," would go. Very soon thereafter, in just about sufficient time for the gunners to make their adjustments, the battery would open again. It seems reasonable that this method was employed by the aviators to communicate the locations in the American lines which they desired the battery to fire upon.

Ristine believes that the German machine gunners also employed this method of communication with one another. Of the 25 guns which had emplacement near him none seemed to be firing in straight bursts of firing out a clip or a belt at a time, but they worked spasmodically and brokenly, exactly as if they were transmitting a telegraphic message. Some of the machine guns seemed to fire through the hedge in which Ristine lay. Little clipped pieces of leaves kept falling about him.

From the direction of the American lines came sounds which occasionally had meaning for him. Twice during the day, once in the morning and once in the afternoon, he heard tanks enter Baulay. These were the French tanks coming up to assist in the next attack.

In the afternoon the American artillery fired sporadically upon the machine gunners and artillery in Ristine's neighborhood. They failed to get the artillery, but one machine gunner about 75 feet from Ristine was hit. The gunner made one loud cry and lay still.

Some of the shells fell very near to Ristine, and he thought, "What rotten luck it would be to be killed by an American shell at such a time and place as this." The screech of one shell told that it was coming very near. He pulled his head between his shoulders and waited. He felt the impact as it hit the earth and threw dirt upon his head. He held his breath and waited for the explosion which meant extinction. But it did not come. The shell was a dud. He cautiously pushed his hand forward under the hedge, and found the smooth bore the shell had made entering the wet earth, less than three feet from his head.

The passage of the day, the movement of the sun behind the heavy clouds, the direction of the German artillery, the arrival of the American shells, the glimpses he had of the terrain about him, all helped Ristine to locate himself pretty accurately, and when darkness came he knew which way to go to get home.

As soon as the covering night gave him sufficient protection he crawled out of the hedge and started down what doubtless was the main national Fleville highway.

He passed few German soldiers along the road, although there was an occasional dead horse to be seen. In the darkness he could observe alongside the road gun emplacements, identified only because they were in deeper gloom than the surrounding territory. There would be two or three of these, then a dugout. He is convinced that these were all full of Germans, but still he was not challenged. Anyone seeing him pass doubtless would assume that he was merely an officer going about some business. Leaving the road he bore to the right and soon came to what he at first thought was a lake. It was a wide place in the River Aire.

Between him and the river was a heavy band of barbed wire. He crawled along the wire for a long way, trying to find an opening, but there was none, and he had to climb over. The posts were rotten and some of them broke. A flare went up behind him, and Ristine lay back on the barbed wire as on a feather bed. He lay there a while and rested, for he had watched machine guns play across that wire all day long. When he went ahead again he twice became tangled in the wire, and made noises which caused flares to go up again, but at last he won through and to the river's bank. He slid down into the water to wade across, found it too deep, and returned to the shore and continued southward seeing a shallow place.

As he started forward, from a great distance he could hear voices. He knew they were not German, because the Germans did not talk that loud at night. They were Americans, and they were swearing, apparently, at the mules.

Ristine at this time had been without sleep, or had had very little sleep, for 72 hours. He had had no food for a day and a half. He had been wet through and thoroughly chilled. He was carrying his helmet and gas mask, his automatic pistol, his cartridge belt, ditty bag and was wearing the heavy German overcoat. In his exhausted condition he did not believe he would be able to swim the river, in spite of his splendid physique.

Three times he made the attempt to wade, but on each occasion the river was too deep. Finally he found a tree which had been felled by the Germans across the river, went over it and reached a brigade headquarters of the Twenty-eighth Division. There was a steep bank to ascend just before he came to this place and he had not the strength to climb it. He called to some soldiers to help him up. Once within the divisional headquarters he was given food and coffee. Brigadier-General Darrah was just being relieved of his command and was very much excited about it.

Ristine wrote a long telegram to Gen. Traub, gave him the map co-ordinates of the German battery which he had observed working, the machine-gun positions, described the machine-gun positions, gave the location of the dumps near Fleville and asked that destructive artillery fire be laid on these points. He reported that he was on his way back and would be present for duty in the morning. He then crossed the river again and rejoined his command.

Trees and shrubby plants in the soil that has been accumulating for hundreds of years on the Great Wall of China are in thriving condition, some of them having grown to a height of 12 to 18 feet. The driveway of the Great Wall is much improved by the trees.

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- Twenty-Four Hours Inside the German Lines - An Untold Story of the Thirty-Fifth Division

Col. Carl Ristine's experience following the taking of Charpentry—Refuge in a shellhole—The men who failed to escape—Fooling the enemy on his own grounds—A busy officer—In a machine gun nest—Fording the river—Reporting observations

A chapter from Clair Kenamore's forthcoming book, "From Vauquois Hill to Exermont."

IT WAS nearly dark when Charpentry was taken on the evening of Sept. 27. The objective of that attack was a line running through Exermont, four kilometers further north. Col. Carl L. Ristine of the 139th Infantry decided to push forward and follow up the success of the late afternoon, believing the troops would reach the objective. His two runners were killed in the barrage before Charpentry, and the troops on both sides of him killed or wounded by machine-gun fire or artillery. Only his Adjutant, Lieut. James H. McCord, accompanied Ristine when they reached the valley of Charpentry. There in the dusk some of our troops were taking prisoners from dugouts, others were fighting on the right and left and some troops were going up the hill across the valley. In the late dusk he could not tell whether they were Americans or Germans, but supposed they were the forward elements of our lines.

Lieut. McCord was severely wounded and Ristine proceeded alone, expecting to get with our leading elements, get hold of some more runners and keep things going, while they were going good.

Just before Charpentry Cemetery he was met with heavy machine-gun fire. He lay low until the fire in his immediate front died down, which was some time.

He finally went forward into the cemetery and emerged from it to the west, and some distance off ran into a Lieutenant and five privates from the 137th. They told him the front lines had gone forward and the party set out to catch up with them. They cut such wires as they could, and bombed dugouts. They could hear fighting on their right, left and front. The little party of seven had three automatic rifles. Ristine had no idea our troops had stopped long before and that he was headed for the enemy lines.

When they reached a point near Camp Drachen, or the hill just south of the valley which leads to Exermont, they ran into the Germans. No one was talking, although they could hear troops all around, and some of them very near. Ristine yelled at them: "What outfit is this?" There was no answer, but he soon learned it was part of the German army in retreat. Ristine did not know what to do. It was so dark he could tell very little about the terrain, he had lost his flash light, although he could not have used it if he had had it. He did not want to be surrounded and he hated to retire from a retreating foe.

Ristine believes if he had not called to the Germans he could have joined them with safety. The Americans decided to move back to the top of the crest behind them, and there they crawled into a new shell hole large enough to accommodate them all.

They set in to organize it and dig it out in the bottom to make things more comfortable and decided they could hold out until the other troops arrived. They figured they would not be discovered before morning and in the daylight they could fight it out for a while. They constructed auto rifle positions on four sides of the hole and had themselves comfortable in the bottom when the German machine gunners began to get active. Soon it became apparent that two machine guns were crossing their fire over the shell hole. This indicated that the enemy intended to stay where he was until he got the Americans. The seven Americans talked the matter over and Ristine finally decided that he could not justify himself in compelling the men to accompany him. They were surrounded by the Germans and any movement of as many men as were in the shell hole would indubitably be observed, whereas one man or two men might move about unhindered. Finally Ristine gave the men permission to go whatever way they chose. "Every man for himself," he ordered.

The matter was discussed in detail. Ristine felt sure that the enemy would have placed men in the rear of the shell holes, and on both flanks, in the hope of either killing or capturing the Americans when they tried to escape. He argued, therefore, that the best tactics was to crawl out and move forward toward the German lines. After an advance of one or two hundred yards in that direction, he suggested turning to the right or left, circling the troops guarding the shell hole, and returning to the Americans' own lines. The others did not like this plan, so Ristine set out alone. He crawled out of the hole and for a long distance directly toward the enemy, then turned and walked parallel to the positions he supposed the lines to occupy.

After Ristine had had time to get a hundred meters away, two other men crawled out of the shell hole. They were never seen again and doubtless were killed after emerging. Next, one man made the attempt and he was hit just as he went over the edge and fell back into the shell hole dead. The other four remained in the shell hole and were taken prisoners by the Germans.

By this time Ristine was walking about inside the German lines. It was very dark, he could not look at his map, and he knew it would be poor policy to stop for any length of time and examine closely his prismatic compass. On these compasses the needle is illuminated like the hands on the illuminated dial of a watch.

He found the Germans in hurried retreat. It was almost a rout. From the American guns there came a slight "interdiction" fire. There was not sufficient artillery to do any great damage, but it was enough to keep the Germans from forming or getting into groups. This was a great assistance to the wandering American, because if the Germans themselves were scattered, one man wandering alone would excite no comment and there would be no question as to why he was not connected with his organization. It was a very dark night, and a cold, steady rain was falling, as no one will forget who was in the valley of the Aire on the night of



COL. CARL RISTINE.

Sept. 27, 1918.

The armies were very close together. No one knew exactly how close. No lights were shown in the open by either army. The only lights were in dugouts, with well blanketed doors, and the flash lights under cover at dressing stations, where the surgeons worked over wounded men. The retreating Germans were going about their business with the greatest haste possible. While virtually all the movement was backward, there was an incidental necessary movement of men forward and in directions parallel to the front.

Ristine came across a dugout apparently deserted which had been headquarters for a German officer. The officer's kit was laid out ready to be packed for departure. Ristine, who was very hungry, thoroughly chilled and wet through, had no overcoat of his own, so

he took the officer's coat and put it on. I don't know whether it occurred to him at the time that this action would have made him a spy in the eyes of the enemy if he had been captured and that it would doubtless have brought the summary punishment a spy received.

He adopted a course of action which he thought would be the most like that employed by a German officer moving about within his own lines at that time. Whenever he passed near a working party, he moved as if he had some pressing business on hand. He had always to pretend by his actions that he was very busy and had to hurry some place to attend to this business. He figured that the chances of being discovered were slight as long as the darkness covered him and as long as he did not try to escape from the German lines. The fact that he wore an American helmet did not cause him great concern, because in the darkness it would be almost impossible for an observer to discover that.

I am not sure that it would have meant instant discovery even if the identity of the helmet had become known. In our lines I have seen American soldiers wearing German helmets without drawing any comment except ridicule. There was a general belief that the German helmet gave more protection to the neck than the flat American metal hat.

Whenever he came to a road Ristine walked along it just as if he had all the business in the world there. When there was no one near, he endeavored to orient himself and discover the best way back home. When anyone approached he immediately again took on the air of being a very industrious person going on some very important mission and brazened his way through.

There was very little talking among the Germans. From weariness or because of orders, or possibly because it was their training, they talked very little in their work, and that little was done in a low tone of voice.

Ristine decided that if he were challenged he would respond gruffly if forced to respond at all and if the challenger became insistent he would shoot him and do his best to escape in the darkness. He would have had a very good chance at this. To carry out this plan, from the time he left the shell hole until he was within the American lines at the Twenty-eighth Division headquarters, he carried his Colt automatic in his hand constantly, more than 24 hours.

It seems strange now that in all this time he was never challenged, but it is only from the viewpoint of civilian life that such a thing does seem strange.

It was my observation that a battlefield at night in open warfare was unlike anything that I had conceived it to be. In an organized trench system, of course, there would be a proper arrangement of sentries and guards and it would be impossible for one to move about much without being challenged. But in the open field, where the tired men lay down to sleep at night,

(Continued on Page 15.)



"Ristine decided that if he was challenged he would respond gruffly."

As soon as the covering night gave him sufficient protection he crawled out of the hedge and started down what doubled as the main national fire-

Twenty-Four Hours Inside the German Lines

There is no sleep, which only adds to the general appearance of confusion. And if the army is in retreat there is no sleep, which only adds to the general appearance of confusion.

(Continued From Page 3)

Hepburn's Desert Island

(Continued From Page 7)

went. Notwithstanding his long rest and his sense of renewed physical fitness after it, his heart was strangely heavily. In the relentless light of the hot morning sun his problems loomed forth as black and as real as the dense jungle in the background. He had saved the girl—yes, and she was worth the effort—yes, a thousand times! But for what had he saved her? The new feeling in him, the tenderness that grew with every thought of her, seemed at the same time to be sapping his strength and his confidence. Had he saved her only for a hand to hand struggle with nature, in which, in the end, she must succumb? What could he do for her on this uncharted shore? He had spoken truly when he told her he did not know the outdoor game. All he knew of it was its possibilities of disaster. He was not at all sure the turtle supply would hold out, or that he could catch any fish. As for this island, with its deceptive beauty, its tropical calm, what was to prevent it from being swept by some sudden hurricane, and where could he find shelter for her if a storm broke?

He set his teeth and swore aloud. He was losing his nerve at a time when he had most need of it. He found only a faint comfort in the knowledge that his dread was all for her. Alone, he could have played the cards nature gave him and won or lost with decency. Not as it was, the stake was so big! A sudden vision came before him of the figure back on the beach, asleep and helpless; and as if this were what it had needed, his soul took up instant arms for her. His head rose. It was going to be all right—of course it was going to be all right. He'd take care of her, and what he didn't know about desert islands and food problems he'd soon learn. And now the first thing to do was to get her a breakfast.

He was gone an hour. When he returned, carrying half a dozen small fish that he had caught primitively, she was busy about the fire. She, too, had bathed and made such toilet as she could. She greeted him with a glow of relief, and exclaimed fittingly over the fish. "We've dishes, too, this morning." She indicated the turtle shells and tried to laugh.

He prepared and cooked the fish, and they had their breakfast.

"Sleep well?" he asked her.

"Perfectly."

He looked at her keenly, and saw in her a reflection of his own earlier mood. She was no fool, this wonderful companion of his. She did not assume that because land was under her feet all her troubles were over. Obviously the thing to do was to cheer her up, and the quickest way to do that was to set her to work. In the reaction from his own depression he found it easy to be cheerful, almost gay.

"We've loafed long enough," he said, springing to his feet. "Now, we're going to build your bungalow. Come on."

She stared at him, but rose obediently. "We haven't got any tools," she reminded him.

"We've got my knife, and it's a good one."

"Are you going to cut down trees with it?" She almost giggled, and he responded joyously to her rising spirits.

"Nature did it for us, good old dame. She knew we'd be along this summer, so she laid this fellow here, all ready for us. I found it this morning."

He led her to the edge of the wood and showed her a fallen tree.

"The trunk will be your back wall," he announced, "and this big, spreading branch will be the right wall. All I've got to do is to build a front door, a left wall and a roof. I'll use up those two dandy little saplings for your front door—one to guard each side."

She gazed at him reverently and the look was wine.

"Why, of course you can," she exclaimed. "How much you know!"

On the instant he decided to act as wise as she thought him. Not another word of self-depreciation would she hear from him—he'd be Solomon and all the rest of 'em rolled into one; for, he now realized, the first requisite for her peace of mind was that she should think him infallible.

"I'll make it roomy," he boasted. "Of course, the roof will be made of smaller branches. Like the site?"

She liked it. It was just on the edge of the wood, in full view of the sea, and, she reflected with comfort, of him, as he slept by his fire.

"You can sit at your front door and look for sails," he reminded her. "And, by the way, I'll just set that signal now."

He disappeared, removed a superfluous white garment, climbed a tree with infinite difficulty, and set his signal flying. When he returned, his hands and knees were raw, but he was still cheerful, which is saying much for him.

"Now for the bungalow," he said.

"What can I do?"

"You? Oh, you can look on and admire me." Then he bethought himself and added hastily: "Or, better still, you can gather all the small branches you can find and bring them here. I'll need them to lave in among the larger ones."

They worked all day, stopping only for another meal of fish at noon. By night the little shelter was ready. It would not have satisfied a practical man, but they stood off to regard it with the warm approval of creators.

"Now we'll eat and go to bed," said Hepburn resolutely. "And I know one person," he added, later, over their second turtle meal, "who will sleep without rocking."

"Two," she corrected drowsily.

He led her to her shelter and left her there. When he returned to prepare his bed in the sand, he was so nearly asleep that he stumbled vaguely over his own feet while he was making the hollow deep enough. He had never worked so hard in his life—but how good it was to work for her! How splendid to feel that he, and he alone, stood between her and privation! Never in all his luxurious years and numerous interests at home had he known a sensation as satisfactory as the deep content that enveloped him now. She was wonderful—surely there never was any like her—what other girl—

He was asleep.

She was still in her green bower when he awoke the next morning. Again, as before, he made the fire and dashed off to the brook. When he returned, he bore not only the fish for their breakfast, but a look of extraordinary radiance. She beamed in response, but the heroic effort she made was obvious.

"Think you'd like a week or so of this?" he asked, suddenly, as they ate their meal.

She tried to nod, tried to smile, but her eyes brimmed. With a gesture of anger she dashed the tears away.

"It will be wonderful," she declared, stoutly.

But he had seen the tears. He crossed to her side, sat down and took her hand. Both thought of the

hours when he had held it in the water. Her grasp tightened.

"Dear," he said, gently—and neither noticed that he said it—"I've good news for you."

"A ship!"

"No, not yet. Better than that," he added, quickly, as the sudden sunburst faded. "There's a settlement here."

"A settlement? Where?"

"There, across the island—about eight miles away."

"Then it isn't—a desert island?"

"No, it's got a missionary and a little village, and a sort of general store, and two or three English citizens, and a big banana plantation. I met an English-speaking native in the forest this morning, who told me all about it. A boat touches here every fortnight or so, to carry away the bananas. It is due in five days. It will take us away when it comes—and the missionary, who's a good chap, according to the native, will surely take us in the meantime. The native is coming in an hour to guide us through the woods. We'll start as soon as he gets here."

He left her, mercifully, after that, and occupied himself in stamping out the fire.

"No need of starting a conflagration here," he explained. "The wind is blowing straight toward the forest."

When he returned to her, she greeted him with an April face of tears and smiles.

"I'm sorry to be so silly," she apologized, and gave him both her hands. He held them and looked down at her.

"I understand. Any woman would feel the same. Personally, I'm a bit disappointed. I'd begun to think we were going to have a ripping week or so of camp life."

"All alone together on our desert island," she added.

"Yes."

A sense of loss surged over him. At first his feeling had been infinite relief for her. Now, he was losing her. She seemed to be receding from him—going back to the eager world she loved. He forgot that he loved it, too. She was speaking so softly that, still holding her hands, he bent to catch her words.

"I believe I am almost a little disappointed, too!" she whispered.

He stared deep into her eyes, then caught her in his arms. She remained there unresistingly, her face against his shoulder.

"I feel as if I had known you a thousand years," he heard her say.

"Then it's all right!" he almost shouted. "Life's pretty much of a desert island anywhere," he reminded her a few moments later, after several breathless confidences on each side. "Marry me, dear, and we'll live it out together on some desert island in New York. Will you? Say yes."

She said yes. There was another long and blissful interval.

"Hang it!" ejaculated Hepburn. "There's that native. Well, we're ready. We don't have to pack."

They were following their guide through the forest's deep, green stretches when Hepburn suddenly turned to her with a new expression—a look at once startled, shy and amused.

"Darling," he said, "I don't want to seem inquisitive or prying, but, as we're going to have the missionary marry us today, don't you think we ought to know each other's name?"

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At Death's Door With Jungle Terrors

(Continued From Page 13)

me, with open mouth and flaming eyes, growling savagely. I knew it was hopeless to try to get another cartridge into my single-barreled rifle, and utterly useless to try to mount, more especially as my horse, startled by the loud, hoarse grunts and sudden and disagreeable appearance of a charging lion backed so vigorously that the bridle (to a running ring on which a strong thong was attached, the other end being fastened to my belt) came over his head.

"I had a strong feeling that I was about to have an opportunity of testing the accuracy of Dr. Livingstone's incredible statement that, for certain reasons (explained by the doctor), a lion's bite gives no pain; but there was no time to think of anything in particular. The whole adventure was the affair of a moment. I just brought my rifle round in front of me, holding the small of the stock in my right hand and the barrel in my left, with a vague idea of getting it into the lion's mouth, and at the same time yelled as loud as I could, 'Los de honden los de

honden,' which, being translated, means 'let loose the dogs.'

"In an instant, as I say, the lion was close up to me. I had never moved my feet since firing, and whether it was my standing still facing him that made him alter his mind, or whether he heard the noise made by my people—who, hearing my shot, immediately followed by the loud growling of the lion, were all shouting and making a noise to frighten the lion from coming their way—I cannot take upon myself to say; but he came straight on to within about six yards of me, looking, I must say, most unpleasant, and then suddenly swerved off, and, passing me, galloped away.

The dog then ran him to bay alongside a big ant hill.

"As soon as he saw me he paid no further heed to his canine foes, but stood, with his eyes fixed on the most dangerous of his assailants, growling hoarsely, and with his head held low between his shoulders—just ready to charge, in fact. I knew my horse would not stand steady, so I jumped off and, taking a quick aim,

fired instantly, as it does not do to wait when a lion is looking at you like this, and when he may make up his mind to come at any moment. Usually they jerk their tails up over their backs, holding them perfectly stiff and rigid, two or three times before charging. They sometimes charge without doing this, but they never do this without charging.

My bullet inflicted a mortal wound, entering between the animal's neck and shoulder and traveling the whole length of his body. He sat down like a dog on his haunches immediately after, and was evidently done for, as he lolled his tongue out of his mouth and growled feebly when the dogs bit him in the hind-quarters."

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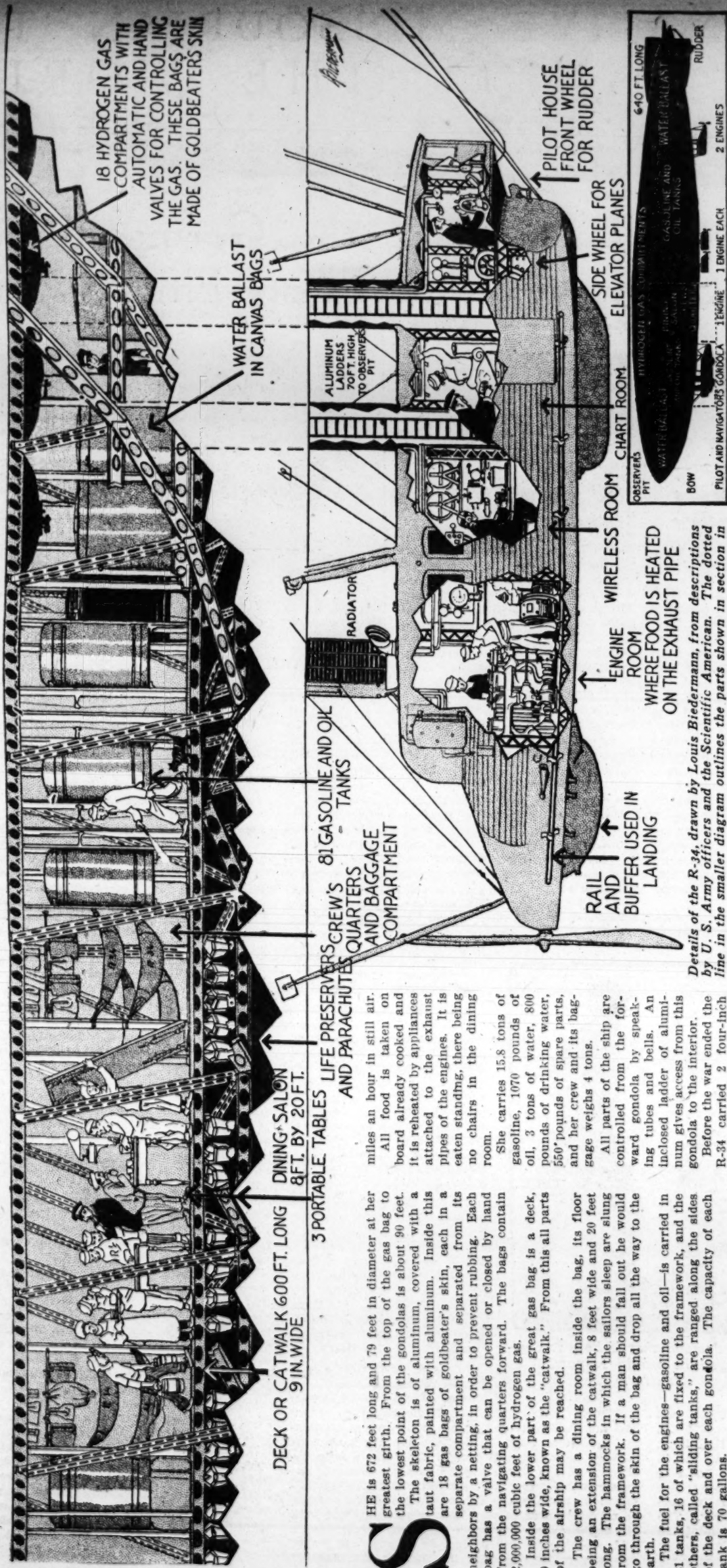
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ALL ABOUT R-34:

PAGE FOUR

Mechanical anatomy and detail description of the British "Blimp," pioneer transatlantic dirigible airship, which crossed the ocean to the United States in 4 days, 12 hours and 12 minutes. This is some 2 hours behind the steamship record made by the Mauretania. Returning to England, the R-34 crossed in 75 hours.



Details of the R-34, drawn by Louis Biedermann, from descriptions by U. S. Army officers and the Scientific American. The dotted line in the smaller diagram outlines the parts shown in section in the larger.

HE is 672 feet long and 79 feet in diameter at her greatest girth. From the top of the gas bag to the lowest point of the gondolas is about 90 feet. The skeleton is of aluminum, covered with a taut fabric, painted with aluminum. Inside this are 18 gas bags of goldbeater's skin, each in a separate compartment and separated from its neighbors by a netting, in order to prevent rubbing. Each bag has a valve that can be opened or closed by hand from the navigating quarters forward. The bags contain 2,000,000 cubic feet of hydrogen gas. Inside the lower part of the great gas bag is a deck, 9 inches wide, known as the "catwalk." From this all parts of the airship may be reached.

The crew has a dining room inside the bag, its floor being an extension of the catwalk, 8 feet wide and 20 feet long. The hammocks in which the sailors sleep are slung from the framework. If a man should fall out he would go through the skin of the bag and drop all the way to the earth.

The fuel for the engines—gasoline and oil—is carried in 81 tanks, 16 of which are fixed to the framework, and the others, called "sliding tanks," are ranged along the sides of the deck and over each gondola. The capacity of each tank is 70 gallons.

Fore and aft on the top of the bag are cockpits for the observers. These are reached by aluminum ladders. For about 25 feet from the bow and the tail there is vacant space.

Inside the envelope are two stationary electric lights, well protected. When the men go about they have to use electric hand flashlights.

From the bow hangs a lightning rod, this being a steel cable with a tassel at the end.

The 4 gondolas carry 5 engines, 1 in the forward gondola, 1 in each of the two amidships and 2 in the gondola aft. There is a propeller for each engine, except for the two in the aft gondola, which move a single propeller.

The engines are of the Sunbeam-Maori type, each developing 250-275 horsepower and turning the propellers at 2500 revolutions per minute.

The speed depends on the wind. Under favorable conditions it may be 70 miles an hour, but 50 miles is about the average. With only one engine running she can make 20

miles an hour in still air. All food is taken on board already cooked and it is reheated by appliances attached to the exhaust pipes of the engines. It is eaten standing, there being no chairs in the dining room.

She carries 15.8 tons of gasoline, 1070 pounds of oil, 3 tons of water, 800 pounds of drinking water, 550 pounds of spare parts, and her crew and its baggage weighs 4 tons.

All parts of the ship are controlled from the forward gondola by speaking tubes and bells. An inclosed ladder of aluminum gives access from this gondola to the interior.

Before the war ended the R-34 carried 2 four-inch guns, several machine guns, 4 bombs weighing 580 pounds each and 8 weightings 250 pounds each. The larger bombs were capable of destruction over an area of 40,000 square feet.

Her British builders say she is now obsolete. They are building one with four times her cubic feet capacity.

Life in this great air machine, with all these "modern conveniences," was, according to Brigadier-General Maitland, the official observer of the British Air Ministry, not at all unpleasant. "There is very little noise or vibration," he wrote in his log of the trip to the United States, "except when one is directly over the power units—a total absence of wind, and, except in the early hours of dawn, greater warmth than in the surrounding atmosphere."

"Getting into one's hammock is rather an acrobatic feat, especially if it is slung high, but this becomes easy with practice—preventing one's self from falling is a thing one

must be careful about in a service airship like the R-34. There is only a thin cover of fabric on the under side of the keel on the walking way, and the luckless individual who tips out of his hammock would in all probability break right through this and soon find himself in the Atlantic.

It is surprising the amount of exercise one can get on board an airship of this size. The keel is about 600 feet long, and one is constantly running about from one end to the other. There are also steps in the vertical ladder to the top of the ship for those who feel energetic.

Should interior comforts pall on one while cruising in an airship of the type of the R-34 he is by no means without other resource of entertainment. In good weather there is a passing show of moment below and around him. "Sea now visible through the clouds," Gen. Maitland reported of one period, and described it as being "a deep

blue in color, with a big swell effect. Our shadow on the water helps us to measure our drift angle."

Again: "Remarkable rainbow effects on the clouds; one complete rainbow encircled the airship itself, and the other—a smaller one—entirely the shadow. Both are very vivid." But they couldn't smoke! Almost everyone who has written of the two great transatlantic flights of the R-34 has complained of being deprived of that privilege. Describing a luncheon of the officers, and the passengers endured thereafter, Gen. Maitland wrote: "Excellent tea, consisting of bread and butter, greenage jam, also two cups of scalding hot tea, which had been boiled over the exhaust pipe cooker fitted to the forward engine."

"Fruitarian cake was tried for the first time—rather sickly to taste, but very nourishing. The whole assisted by Miss Lee White on the gramophone. We would, one and all, give anything for a smoke."

At Death's Door With Jungle Terrors

Selous, Mightiest African Hunter, Tells Hair-Raising Adventures With Lions, Elephants and Buffalos

THE greatest big game hunter in the world is what Frederick Courtenay Selous was called. Hunting filled his life, and the best part of his manhood was spent in the wilds of Africa in the chase of lions, buffalos and elephants.

Friend of Theodore Roosevelt and Cecil Rhodes and Lobingula, he was more at home on the banks of the crocodile-infested Limpopo River or on the sun-baked veldt of Mashonaland than in the clubs or drawing rooms of London.

J. G. Millais, the eminent naturalist, has just written the life of his friend Selous (published by Longmans, Green & Co.). The book is filled with thrilling adventures. These begin in the pages that recount his school days at Rugby, for the call of the wild was on him already. And his death was in keeping with his life, for when over 60 years old he volunteered in the British army and led a company of soldiers on a hunt for Germans in the jungle of East Africa, employing against them the very methods he had learned in his chase after wild beasts. But what lions' teeth had not been able to do, a German bullet did. The following episodes, related mostly in his own words, have been selected from Mr. Millais' work as among the most thrilling of Selous' adventures among wild beasts.

SELOUS' escape from an old bull buffalo which killed his horse under him, on the Nata River in May, 1874, was almost miraculous, for a buffalo seldom leaves his victim alive, once he gets him down.

He found two old buffalo bulls, galloped within three yards of them, and the rifle missed fire. After another chase, one of the bulls, getting annoyed, stood and offered a good shot, but the cap again played the hunter false.

"Putting on a third cap, I now kept it down with my thumb, and was once more close behind him, and had galloped for perhaps a couple of minutes more, when, entering a patch of short, thick mopani bush, he stopped suddenly, wheeled round and came on at once, as soon as he caught sight of the horse, his nose stretched straight out and horns laid back, uttering the short grunts with which these animals invariably accompany a charge.

"There was no time to be lost, as I was not more than 40 yards from him; so, reining in with a jerk and turning the horse at the same instant broadside on, I raised my gun, intending to put a ball, if possible, just between his neck and shoulder, which, could I have done so, would either have knocked him down, or at any rate made him swerve; but my horse, instead of standing steady, as he had always done before, now commenced walking forward, though he did not appear to take any notice of the buffalo. There was no time to put my hand down and give another wrench on the bridle (which I had let fall on the horse's neck), and for the life of me I could not get a sight with the horse in motion.

"A charging buffalo does not take many seconds to cover 40 yards, and in another instant his outstretched nose was within six feet of me; so, lowering the gun from my shoulder, I pulled it off right in his face, at the same time digging the spurs deep into my steed's sides. But it was too late, for even as the horse sprang forward the old bull caught him full in the flank, pitching him, with me on his back, into the air like a dog. The recoil of the heavily-charged elephant gun, with which I was unluckily shooting, twisted it clean out of my hands, so that we all, horse, gun and man, fell in different directions.

"My horse regained its feet and galloped away immediately, but even with a momentary glance I saw that the poor brute's entrails were protruding in a dreadful manner. The buffalo, on tossing the horse, had stopped



"I was about to have an opportunity of testing Livingstone's statement that a lion's bite gives no pain."

dead, and now stood with his head lowered within a few feet of me. I had fallen in a sitting position and facing my unpleasant-looking adversary. I could see no wound on him, so must have missed, though I can scarcely understand how, as he was so very close when I fired when he charged at me.

"However, I had not much time for speculation, for the old brute, after glaring at me a few seconds with his sinister-looking bloodshot eyes, finally made up his mind and, with a grunt, rushed at me. I threw my body out flat along the ground to one side, and just avoided the upward thrust of his horn, receiving, however, a severe blow on the left shoulder with the round part of it, nearly dislocating my right arm with the force with which my elbow was driven against the ground and receiving also a kick on the instep from one of his feet. Luckily for me, he did not turn again, as he most certainly would have done had he been wounded, but galloped clean away.

"The first thing to be done was to look after my horse, and at about 150 yards from where he had been tossed I found him. The buffalo had struck him full in the left thigh; it was an awful wound, and, as the poor beast was evidently in the last extremity, I hastily loaded my gun and put him out of his misery. My Kaffirs coming up just then, I started with them, eager for vengeance, in pursuit of the buffalo, but was compelled finally to abandon the chase, leaving my poor horse unavenged.

"Having picked out a good cow elephant for my fifth victim, I gave her a shot behind the shoulder, on which she turned from the herd and walked slowly away by herself. As I cantered up behind her she wheeled round and stood facing me, with her ears spread and her head raised. My horse was now so tired that he stood well; so, reining in, I gave her a shot from his back between the neck and the shoulder, which I believe just stopped her from charging. On receiving this wound she backed a few paces, gave her ears a flap against her sides and then stood facing me again. I had just taken out the empty cartridge and was about to push a fresh one in, when, seeing that she looked very vicious, and as I was not 30 yards away from her, I caught the bridle and turned the horse's head away, so as to be ready for a fair start in case of a charge.

"I was still holding my rifle with the breech open when I saw that she was coming. Digging the spurs into my horse's ribs, I did my best to get him away; but he was so thoroughly done that, instead of springing forward, which was what the emergency required, he only started at a walk and was just breaking into a canter when the elephant was upon us. I heard two short, sharp screams above my head, and had just time to think it was all over with me, when, horse and all, I was dashed to the ground.

"For a few seconds I was half stunned

by the violence of the shock, and the first thing I became aware of was a very strong smell of elephant. At the same instant I felt that I was still unhurt and that, although in an unpleasant predicament, I had still a chance for life. I was, however, pressed down on the ground in such a way that I could not extricate my head. At last, with a violent effort, I wrenched myself loose and threw my body over sideways, so that I rested on my hands. As I did so I saw the hind legs of the elephant standing like two pillars before me and at once grasped the situation. She was on her knees, with her head and tusks in the ground, and I had been pressed down under her chest, but luckily behind her forelegs.

"Dragging myself from under her, I regained my feet and made a hasty retreat, having had rather more than enough of elephants for the time being. I retained, however, sufficient presence of mind to run slowly, watching her movements over my shoulder and directing mine accordingly. Almost immediately I had made my escape she got up and stood looking for me, with her ears up and head raised, turning first to one side and then to the other, but never quite wheeling round. As she made these turns, I ran obliquely to the right or left, as the case might be, always endeavoring to keep her stern toward me. At length I gained the shelter of a small bush and breathed freely once more."

After a time he recovered his rifle and again attacked a cow which he thought was his late assailant, and killed her with two more shots, but she proved to be a different beast. Selous did not escape quite scathless from this encounter, for his eye was badly bruised and the skin all rubbed off the right breast. His horse was badly injured, though he recovered after two months.

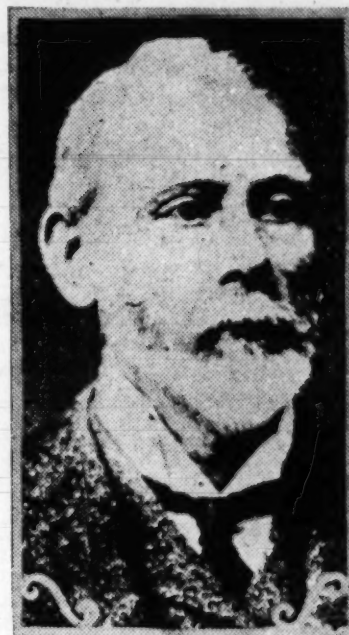
Some men whom Selous had sent

into the "fly" to look for elephants returned and reported "a big lion close by." Immediately Selous was out and after him with his dogs, which were led. He had not, however, gone far when he saw the lion lying flat on the ground at right angles to where he was riding. As his horse would not stand, he dismounted.

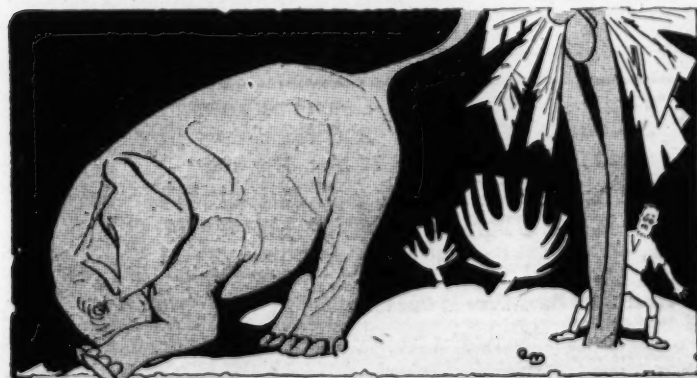
"All this time the lion had never moved, nor did he now, but lay watching me intently with his yellow eyes. Nothing stirred but his tail, the end of which he twitched slowly, so that the black bunch of hair at its extremity appeared first on one side of him, then on the other. As I raised my rifle to my shoulder I found that the fallen tree trunk interfered considerably with the fine view I had had of him from my horse's back, as it hid almost all his nose below the eyes. In the position in which he was now holding his head I ought to have hit about half way between the nostrils and the eyes, which was impossible; anywhere above the eyes would have been too high, as the bullet would have glanced from his skull, so that it required a very exact shot to kill him on the spot. However, there was no time to wait, and, trying to aim so that the bullet should just clear the fallen log and catch him between the eyes, I fired.

"With a loud roar he answered the shot, and I instantly became aware that he was coming straight at

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Frederick C. Selous, who accompanied Theodore Roosevelt on his African hunting tours.



"She was on her knees, tusks in the ground, and I dragged myself out behind."

IS THIS NATIVE MISSOURIAN THE OLDEST MAN IN THE WORLD?

THE National Geographic Society has been asked to make an investigation as to whether "Uncle" John Shell, a native Missourian, now living in the wilds back of Greasy Creek, in Leslie County, Ky., is a full-grown adult of 130 years or a mere callow fledgling of 118. In case the former figure is established, it is conceded that he will have undisputed claim to the title of "the oldest man in the civilized world."

In the meantime, Uncle John, totally unperturbed at finding himself the center of a scientific inquiry, is making preparations for the celebration of his 119th—or will it be his 131st?—birthday on Sept. 3. On that occasion he expects to be honored by a family reunion of his 200 or more descendants who live in the neighboring country.

He promises to eat a lusty birthday dinner with his third set of teeth, which put in an unexpected appearance not long ago, and to drain an especially generous dram—if the prohibitionists permit—of the daily whisky to which he attributes no small responsibility for his longevity. In addition, he may be persuaded to give proof of his keen sight and steady nerves by performing some of the feats of marksmanship with which he is accustomed to carry off the prizes at the old-fashioned shooting matches held in the community.

Uncle John's modest private opinion is that he is a mere youngster of 118, but he is free to admit that in dealing with such large numerals it would be easy to make an error of a trifling 12 years or so. His friends are positive that his pretensions to old age are altogether too diffident. One of the most ardent champions of the larger figure is "Uncle" Henry Chappell, who, to be sure, is only an enthusiastic juvenile of 90-odd summers.

Uncle Henry's youthful zeal led him to turn over all the ancient legal documents at the Leslie County Courthouse, and among them he unearthed a duplicate tax receipt, dated 1809 and bearing the signature of "John Shell." Uncle Henry maintains that this signature was written by his venerable friend, and proceeds to argue in this wise: If Uncle John was paying taxes in 1809, he must have been 21 years of age at the time; therefore he was born in 1788, and in consequence must be today in his 131st year.

Assuming first that Uncle John will be 119 years old next September, and was therefore born Sept. 3, 1800, his life spans an amazing number of great events and notable careers. In this case, he was four years old when the first Napoleon was crowned Emperor of France, 15 years old when he was crushed at Waterloo, and had just come of age when the Titanic exile died on St. Helena. He was 9 years old when Abraham Lincoln was born, 61 years old when Lincoln was inaugurated as President and the Civil War began, and has survived his assassination by 54 years.

He was 7 years of age when Robert Fulton's steamboat, Clermont, paddled up the Hudson, arousing amazement by its stupendous speed of five miles an hour against the current; he was a youth of 19 when the Savannah made the first transatlantic voyage under steam propulsion, in the phenomenal time of 28 days. He has lived to see an airplane cross the ocean in a nonstop flight of 15 hours, 57 minutes.

He was a gray-haired man of 58 when the first message was sent by transatlantic cable, and he is still alive when electric messages sent through the air are a matter of daily routine. He was 67 years old when Alexander Graham Bell took out a patent for the telephone, and 44 when Morse strung his telegraph line between Baltimore and Washington.

He was 71 years old when the

National Geographical Society asked to investigate age of "Uncle" John Shell—He says he is 118, but an aged neighbor asserts he is 130—World events that have been spanned by his life—Often walks 25 miles at a time, is a crack shot and boasts his third pair of teeth—Family reunion soon, at which 200 descendants are expected :: :: :: ::

German empire was formed at Versailles and became the most powerful military Government in the world. He has seen that empire shattered and dismembered, and the grandson of the first Emperor ousted from his throne and an exile in an alien land. He has seen the United States expand from a feeble congeries of states along the Atlantic coast to the first Power on the globe. His life spans every presidential term in this country from John Adams to Woodrow Wilson.

If we take his age as 130, the showing is still more staggering. If he was born in 1788 he was a year old when the States-General convened at Versailles and the Paris mob stormed the Bastille; Louis XVI was still on the throne, and five years were to pass before the tragic scene at the guillotine ended the reign of the Bourbons. Napoleon Bonaparte, a morose and self-contained youth of 19, undreaming of his mighty future, was fighting in obscure guerrilla skirmishes under Paoli in Corsica.

According to this calculation, John Shell was 4 years old when "The Marseillaise" was first heard in the world; he was 5 when Napoleon came into fame as a Lieutenant of artillery at Toulon; he was 8 years old when Gen. Bonaparte married Josephine, and, as a slender, delicate youth of 26, set forth for Italy to achieve the most dazzling military campaign of modern time. He was a lad of 15 when the Emperor Napoleon sold Louisiana Territory to the United States.

If he was born in 1788, he is only 12 years younger than the Declaration of Independence; he was an infant a year old when Washington was inaugurated as first President of the United States in 1789, and he was 11 years old when Washington died. Still assuming him to be in his 131st year, he was 53 years old when the veteran Premier Clemenceau was born; he was 68 years of age when Woodrow Wilson first saw the light; he was 21 years old when Gladstone was born, and, although that statesman lived to the age of 89, has survived him 21 years.

And with all the years heaped upon his head, Uncle John thinks nothing of setting out of a morning for a 25-mile stroll through the rough mountain country. He often walks to Hyden, the county seat, transacts business there and returns on foot. He is so redoubtable a pedestrian that he would be likely to tire out a person a century younger than himself. And he still does a considerable amount of daily work—actual labor on his little hillside farm.

A reporter who a few days ago made the journey to Uncle John's cabin was entertained over night with cordial hospitality. In reply to a question as to his recipe for a long and healthy life, the aged patriarch replied:

"Drink good whisky, moderately.

"Drink plenty of pure water.

"Breathe pure air.

"Eat slowly.

"Walk and keep walking.

"Don't worry. I never have worried in all my life."

Uncle John appears to have preserved as keen a mental alacrity as he displays physically. He talked interestingly to his visitor about days of long ago. He was born near where now stands Sedalia, Mo., and as a boy blazed the trail with his family to the foothills of theumberlands, in Kentucky. There were Indians to be seen there, and wild game roamed the hills.

"Why, I've carried in three deer on my back from one hunt," he said, "and I've shot three bears in one morning. I rarely let one escape me, and (he pointed to a time-worn weapon in the rack) my trusty rifle rarely failed me. It is the same to this day."

Here he wandered off to his exploits at local shooting contests, in which he still has a name resonant the country round. "The old man can still beat the boys and carry off the prizes," he bragged. And as a matter of fact, he does it.

His remarkable eyesight is proved not only by his marksmanship, but by his daily reading of a Bible of the finest print. He spends considerable time at this pursuit, for he is an old-style Baptist and an inveterate churchgoer.

He is particularly proud of his third set of teeth, and boasts that his dental equipment is superior to that of many a modern man of 30. The most solid of foods have no terrors for his incisors and molars. It is his firm belief that he is now in the prime of life, and that he still has many years to live.

Honors like those probably paid to Methuselah by his neighbors—although centenarians seem to have been rather common in Old Testament days—are to be paid Uncle John on his birthday by the surrounding community. In addition to his swarm of descendants, people are waiting to attend for miles

(Continued on Page 12.)



"Uncle" John Shell, 118 years old—or is it 130?—and his 4-year-old great-grandson have their picture taken, the first time for both.

At Death's Door With Jungle Terrors

The Strange Case of Cavendish

(Continued from Page 11.)

she thought quickly; to return to the cell in which lay Juan Catteras would be unwise, for he might break the bonds, which were none too strong, and, in his fury at having been so easily duped, subject her to unknown but anyway horrible indignities, if not death itself. But what other course was there?

As she stood there a fraction of a second against the wall, knowing not which way to turn, the girl wished with all her heart that big Jim Westcott, strong, cool, collected, the master of any situation requiring force, tact, acumen, were there by her side to take her arm and guide her out of this terrible predicament. But Jim was elsewhere—where, she could hardly guess.

What was to be done? Her temples throbbed as the voices sounded nearer. Then it came home to her—why not try one of the other cells? Possibly she would be lucky enough to find an empty one; the chances were, she felt, that most of them were.

Suiting action to the thought, she stepped quietly from the niche in the wall, moved noiselessly along its surface, and came at length to another dungeon similar to the one she had occupied, except that it had no window in its oaken door. Fumbling with the bunch of keys, she took the first one around which her fingers fell and thrust it hurriedly into the lock. Would it open the haven of temporary safety? She struggled with it—turning it first to the left and then to the right. The footsteps were sounding nearer and nearer every minute, the voices were growing louder.

Frantic, she gave the key a final desperate twist, and as a sigh of relief escaped her lips the door swung open. Slipping through the aperture, she closed it softly after her and, panting from excitement and her exertions, turned and faced the recesses of her hiding place.

It was black, pitch black, except for a long ray of light that struggled in between the heavy door and its casing, but as Stella Donovan stood there in the gloom she was aware that she was not the only occupant of the cell. She crouched back, gripped in the hands of another fear, but the next moment her alarm was lessened somewhat by the sound of a soft, well-modulated voice. "Who's that?" it said, faintly.

Then followed the repeated scratching of a wet match a flame of yellow light, which was immediately carried to a short tallow candle, and in the aura of its sickly flame Stella Donovan saw the face of a man with long, unkempt beard and feverish eyes that stared at her as though she were an apparition.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE REAPPEARANCE OF CAVENDISH.

AS HER eyes became more accustomed to the light she saw that the stranger was a man of approximately 30, of good robust health. His hair was sandy of color and thin, and his beard, which was of the same hue, had evidently gone untrimmed for days, perhaps weeks; yet for all of his unkempt appearance, for all the strangeness of his presence there, he was a gentleman, that was plain. And as she scrutinized him Miss Donovan thought she beheld a mild similarity in the contour of the man's head, the shape of his face, the lines of his body, to the man whom, several weeks before, she had seen lying dead upon the floor of his rooms in the Waldron Apartments.

Could this be Frederick Cavendish? By all that had gone before, he should be; but the longer she looked at him the less certain she was of the correctness of this surmise. Of course, the face of the man in the Waldron Apartments had been singed by fire, so that it was virtually unrecognizable, thus making comparisons in the present instance difficult. At any rate, she dismissed the speculation temporarily from her mind, and resolved to divulge nothing for the time, but merely to draw the man out. Her thoughts, rapid as they had been, were interrupted by the fellow's sudden exclamation.

"My God!" he cried, in a high voice, "I—I thought I was seeing things. You are really a woman—and alive?"

Miss Donovan hesitated a moment before she answered, wondering whether to tell him of her narrow escape. This she decided to do.

"Alive, but only by luck," she said in a friendly voice, and then recounted the insults of Catteras, her struggle with him, and capture of his cartridge belt and revolver, and how finally she had left him bound and gagged in the adjoining cell. The man listened attentively, though his mind seemed slow to grasp details.

"But," he insisted, unable to clear his brain, "why are you here? Surely you are not one of this gang of outlaws?"

"I am inclined to think," she answered soberly, "that much the same cause must account for the presence of both of us. I am a prisoner. That is true of you also, is it not?"

"Yes," his voice lowered almost to a whisper. "But do not speak so loud, please; there is an opening above the door, so voices can be heard by any guard in the corridor. I—I am a prisoner, although I do not in the least know why. When did you come?"

"Not more than two hours ago. Two men brought me

across the desert from Haskell."

"I do not know how I came. I was unconscious until I woke up in that cell. I was on the platform of an observation car the last I remember," his utterance slow, as though his mind struggled with a vague memory, "talking with a gentleman whom I had met on the train. There—there must have been an accident, I think, for I never knew anything more until I woke up here."

"Do you know how long ago that was?"

He shook his head.

"It was a long while. There has been no light, so I could not count the days, but if they have fed me twice every 24 hours, it is certainly a month since I came."

"A month! Do you recall the name of the man you were conversing with on the observation car?"

He pressed his hand against his forehead, a wrinkle appearing straight between his eyes.

"I've tried to remember that," he admitted regretfully, "but it doesn't quite come to me."

"Was it Beaton?"

"Yes. Why, how strange! Of course, he was Edward Beaton of New York. He told me he was a brother. Why, how did you know?"

She hesitated for an instant, uncertain just how far it was best to confide in him. Unquestionably, the man's mind was not entirely clear, and he might say and do things to the injury of them both if he once became aware of the whole truth. Besides, the meeting him there alive was in itself a shock. She had firmly believed him dead—murdered in New York. No, she would keep that part of the story to herself for the present; let it be told to him later by others.

"It is not so strange," she said at last, "for your disappearance is indirectly the occasion of my being here also. I believe I can even call you by name. You are Mr. Cavendish?"

"Yes," he admitted, his hands gripping the back of the bench nervously, his eyes filled with amazement. "But—but I do not know you."

"For the best of reasons," she answered, smilingly, advancing and extending her hand—"because we have never met before. However mysterious all this must seem to you, Mr. Cavendish, it is extremely simple when explained. I am Stella Donovan, a newspaper woman. Your strange disappearance about a month ago aroused considerable interest, and I chanced to be detailed on the case. My investigations led me to visit Haskell, where, unfortunately, my mission became known to those who were responsible for your imprisonment here. So, to keep me quiet, I was also abducted and brought to this place."

"You—you mean it was not an accident—that I was brought here purposely?"

"Exactly; you were trailed from New York by a gang of thieves having confederates in this country. I am unable to give you all the details; but this man Beaton, whom you met on the train, is a notorious gunman and gambler. His being on the same train with you was a part of a well-laid plan, and I have no doubt but what he deliberately slugged you while you two were alone on the observation platform. As I understand, that is exactly his line of work."

"But—but," he stammered, "what was his object? Why did those people scheme to get me?"

"Why! Money, no doubt; you are wealthy, are you not?"

"Yes, to an extent. I inherited property, but I had no considerable sum with me that day; not more than a few hundred dollars."

"As I told you, Mr. Cavendish, I do not know all the details, but I think these men—one of whom is a lawyer—planned to gain possession of your fortune, possibly by means of a forged will; and, in order to accomplish this, it was necessary to get you out of the way. It looks as though they were afraid to resort to actual murder, but ready enough to take any other desperate chance. Do you see what I mean?"

"They will rob me! While holding me here a prisoner they propose robbing me through the courts?"

That is undoubtedly their object, but, I happen to know, it has not yet been fully accomplished. In either of us can make escape from this place we shall be in time to foil them completely."

"But how," he questioned, still confused, and with only the one thought dominating his mind, "could they hope to obtain possession of my fortune unless I was dead?"

"They are prepared to prove you dead. I believed so myself. The only way to convince the courts otherwise will be your appearance in person. After they once get full possession of the money they do not care what becomes of you. Living or dead, you can never get it back again."

He sank down on the bench and buried his face in his hands, thoroughly unnerved. The girl looked at him a moment in silence, then touched his shoulder.

"Look here, Mr. Cavendish," she said, firmly, "there is no use losing your nerve. Surely there must be some way of getting out of here. For one, I am going to try."

He looked up at her, but with no gleam of hope in his eyes.

"I have tried," he replied despondently, "but it is no use. We are buried alive."

"Yet there must be ways out," she insisted. "The air in that passage was perfectly pure; do you know anything about it?"

"Yes; it leads to the top of the cliff, up a steep flight of steps. But it is impossible to reach the passage, and since these Mexicans came I have reason to believe they keep a guard."

"They were not here, then, at first?"

"Only for a few days; before that two rough-looking fellows, but Americans, were all I saw. Now they have gone and Mexicans have taken their places—they are worse than the others. Do you know what it means?"

"Only partially. I have overheard some talk. It seems this is a rendezvous for a band of outlaws headed by one known as Pasqual Mendez. I have not seen their leader; but his lieutenant had charge of me."

"Miss Donovan," he said with gravity, "we are in the hands of desperate men. We will have to take desperate measures to outwit them, and we will have to make desperate breaks to obtain our freedom."

The girl nodded.

"Mr. Cavendish," she said, with womanly courage, "you will not find me wanting. I am ready for anything, even shooting. I do hope you're a good shot."

Cavendish smiled.

"I have had some experience," he said.

"Then," the girl added, "you had better take the revolver. I never fired one except on the Fourth of July, and I would not want to trust to my marksmanship in a pinch. Not that we will meet any such situation, Mr. Cavendish—I hope we do not—but in case we do I want to depend upon you."

"I am glad you said that, Miss Donovan; it gives me courage."

The girl handed the revolver over to him without a word and then held out the cartridge belt. He snapped open the weapon to assure himself it was loaded and then ran his fingers over the belt pockets.

"Thirty-six rounds," adjusting the belt to his waist; "that ought to promise a good fight. Do you feel confidence in me again?"

"Yes," she answered, her eyes lifting to meet his. "I trust you."

"Good. I am not a very desperate character, but will do the best I can. Shall we try the passage?"

"Yes. It is the only hope."

"All right, then; I'll go first, and you follow as close as possible. There mustn't be the slightest sound made."

Cavendish thrust his head cautiously through the door, the revolver gripped in his hand; Miss Donovan struggling to keep her nerves steady, touched the coat of her companion, fearful of being alone. The passage-way was dark, except for the little bars of light streaming out through the slits in the stone above the cell doors. These, however, were sufficient to convince Cavendish that no guards were in the immediate neighborhood. He felt the grip of the girl's fingers on his coat, and reached back to clasp her hand.

"All clear," he whispered. "Hurry, and let's get this door closed."

They slipped through, crouching in the shadow as the door shut behind them, eagerly seeking to pierce the mystery of the gloom into which the narrow corridor vanished. Beyond the two cells and their dim rays all was black silence, yet both felt a strange relief at escaping from the confines of their prison. The open passage was cool, and the fugitives felt fresh air upon their cheeks; nowhere did any sound break the silence. Stella had a feeling as though they were buried alive.

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(To Be Continued in Next Sunday's Post-Dispatch Magazine.)

Is This Missourian Oldest Man in the World?

(Continued From Page 5.)

around, and there will be speechmaking and old-time fiddle playing, to which the patriarch himself may be tempted to shake a nimble leg.

He has had 11 children; his grandchildren, some of them old men, are numbered by the scores, and it would tax the census man to enumerate his great-grandchildren and great-great-grandchildren.

Uncle John never had a picture taken in his life, until the reporter asked him to pose before the camera. He was childishly pleased at the thought of seeing his picture in the paper, but insisted that the honor should be shared by a 4-year-old great-grandson, who was also having his first experience with the camera.

So there they posed, the eighteenth and twentieth centuries, met on the common ground of making acquaintance for the first time with the marvelous instrument which impresses the rays of the sun as a pencil with which to draw its pictures.

HEPBURN'S DESERT ISLAND

By ELIZABETH JORDAN

THERE was no question that the Hispania was going down. Hepburn had been one of the first of her passengers to take in the fact and to obey the sharp-voiced orders of her officers. His life preserver

was strapped around him—and strapped properly. Judging by the appearance of many of his fellow passengers, this simple achievement was unique. Their life belts were on at every possible angle; some were tied, some untied. Others were upside down. Hepburn noticed this and wondered dully why he noticed it. There were so many more important things to observe.

The women and children were being lowered into the small boats, and already one of the latter had upset. The pandemonium around him was growing wilder. It was all recognizable, all exactly the sort of thing he had heard and read of a hundred times. He was so familiar with it that he had a queer sense of having gone through it before; yet the only emotion of which he was conscious was a sort of stunned incredulity. The thing simply could not be happening. It couldn't be, but it was. He was going to die. They were all going to die—he and this pack of men who were now fighting like beasts over the last life boat.

But at least he need not die with them. Possibly he need not die at all. Certainly he could cross over to the other side of the boat and take his chance by himself. He was a good swimmer. One of the surviving small boats might pick him up. His brain worked clearly; coolly he made his plans, yet all the time he was thinking and planning so calmly he was vinced of the utter impossibility of the thing that was happening.

The fog had cleared away, and the wind was rising. Dark clouds scudded overhead, with here and there a seagull in view, seemingly in pursuit of them. On the sullen, oily waves a few small boats rose and fell. Here and there in the water—but after one glance Hepburn did not look at the things in the water. There was no sense in making this nightmare worse than it was. He needed his nerve, and knew he had it and would keep it if he did not look too closely at what was happening in the water.

The last boat lowered had upset. That made two that had upset. The men in the water were swimming to the boats that remained afloat, and the officer in one overloaded boat was pushing a swimmer away with an oar. The decent men still on the Hispania's deck were acting much as Hepburn felt—stunned, stupefied, incredulous. A few were already leaping overboard; the others seemed waiting for the steamer to settle. Hepburn unlaced and removed his shoes and climbed to the opposite side of the deck, a feat made difficult by the fact that the steamer was already listing badly. He wanted to be alone—if necessary to lie alone—and the feeling was so strong that when a girl rushed out of a deck stateroom and caught his arm as he passed, his first emotion was one of quick, irrational annoyance. Under its impulse he spoke sharply. "What are you doing here?" he demanded. "Why aren't you in one of the boats?"

His manner was so peremptory that she responded to it with a flash of her own spirit. "I've had to dress."

"I was asleep," she said, curtly. "I've had to dress."

It took some time. "Every woman but you is off the ship." "I know," she gasped, "and some of them are drowned."

The retort was so unconsciously pat that Hepburn felt the ghastly humor of it, but before it touched more than the edge of his consciousness another discovery hit him hard.

"Why, good Lord!" he cried, "you haven't even got a life preserver on!"

"No," she said dully, then turned and stared into the empty stateroom behind her. "It's there," she cried.

"I couldn't fasten it." Hepburn leaped into the room, seized the cork jacket, and without a word adjusted it to her and fastened it securely. He worked rapidly, expecting each moment to feel the reel and submersion of the ship, and the girl bent herself to his effort as submissively as a



He sprang, and, to his relief, felt the impetus with which she sprang with him.

child yields itself to the hands of its nurse. He noticed with approval that her clothing was what he called sensible—light and warm. She had on a white wool blazer, a short blue serge skirt and white canvas shoes. When the cork jacket was adjusted, he grasped her arm and dragged her out on deck. They were none too soon. "Quick," he said, "we've got to jump. Climb over this rail, and when I say now, leap out as far as you can."

For an instant only she hung back. "I—I can't," she stammered.

"You've got to," declared Hepburn, sternly. He had no elevating sentiments in the matter. His feeling of annoyance had passed, and he took the girl's presence as unanalytically as he had taken the rest of the unbelievable experience. She was a nuisance but she was there, and hence to be reckoned with. It no more occurred to him to leave her than it occurred to him to die for her if he had to. He did not reason about her at all.

"Come on," he commanded.

He lifted her over the rail, and, still holding her hand, climbed after her.

"Ready," he said. "Don't be a dead weight. Now!" He sprang, and, to his relief, felt the impetus with which she sprang with him. The next instant a shivering green wall rose before him, and then slowly fell knocked the breath out of him, and then slowly fell away from him. He had come to the surface. Something rose beside him—something he was holding with a death grip. What was it? Oh, yes, the girl, of course. With an impulse to get as far as possible from the sinking ship, he struck out with a mighty stroke, working his legs and his right arm to their utmost, holding the girl's right hand in his left one. There was no drag on it.

"Can you swim?" he gasped.

"Yes."

That was good news, bulky news! It gave them both a fighting chance. His relief was evident in the changed tone with which he uttered his next words.

"Fine," he said. "Swim well!"

"Pretty well—but—but, I'm nervous." "Of course. Now listen. Let go of my hand, and put your right hand on my shoulder. Help yourself as much as you can. The minute you begin to feel tired, say so. Then I'll take all your weight until you've rested. Understand?"

"Yes."

She not only understood, but she obeyed. She swam steadily beside him, her hand resting lightly, very lightly, on his shoulder. She was practically taking care of herself, he reflected gratefully, and for a

woman she was keeping wonderfully cool. He turned his head and smiled at her.

"All right?"

"Yes. Where are we going?"

The question brought him up with jerk. He didn't know. He had simply been following a blind, unreasoning instinct of self-preservation that bade him swim, keep afloat, whatever the effort, whatever the result.

"Perhaps we'll reach one of the boats," he suggested, without conviction.

"They're all full."

"Oh, well, something will pick us up."

He was interrupted by her wild grasp at him, her strangled cry. He caught her strongly and looked for the explanation of her panic. It was directly in front of them, if he had not been looking at her he must have seen it when she did. It was a little child—a dead child—floating toward them, and face down. It drifted past them limply, and Hepburn averted his eyes from it with a pang that was the first real emotion he had felt during the experience.

"Steady there," he said to the girl.

She released him and swam beside him. Then, as if the dead child had given his living companions a message, a sudden realization came to him. It explained, too, his growing fatigue.

"Turn," he said. "We're swimming against the tide. It's running in strong here. Let's float and rest. Perhaps there's land not far away."

She did not answer, and after a quick glance at her he realized that she could not. But she obeyed his orders. Side by side in silence they went on for a long, long time. How long it was they never quite knew. At intervals they turned over and swam; then they rested, floating, and later swam again. Once they saw a long boat in the distance, pulling away from them, and Hepburn shouted until he was voiceless, but the boat gave no response, and at last they lost it in the gathering darkness.

For by now it was growing dark, and no friendly moon or stars lit the gloomy sky above them. Twice fellow passengers drifted near them—fellow passengers whose struggles were over. Once it was a man and woman they saw, clinging together, lifeless; once it was a woman alone. It must have been very late when his companion spoke, for the first time in several hours.

"Go on without me," she said. "You will have a better chance."

Hepburn smiled rather grimly. "Where shall I go?" he inquired. "You have a chance," she persisted. "Take it." He was touched. She was the right sort. For the first time he felt a personal interest in her. Aloud, all he said was, "You can't get rid of me so easily."

A sob broke from her, a sob made up in equal parts of exhaustion and relief, and revealing something of what her offer had cost her. He felt a desire to lessen the tension of the moment.

"Of course," he added, lightly, "if I saw an island in the distance I'd desert you like a shot and make a spurt for it!"

This time the sound she made was almost a laugh. "You wouldn't," she said. And under the quiet words Hepburn felt the stir in him of something new—something protective. Now at last the care of a girl had become a real issue instead of a matter of fact carrying out of the human law.

The rest of the experience was a deepening nightmare. They swam and floated, and floated and swam. They spoke only in monosyllables, and after a time they did not speak at all. Both had long hours for thought—for thoughts befitting those on the threshold of eternity; and, as so often happens in such conditions, both minds were concerned with details of an almost trivial nature.

For a time Hepburn thought of his companion. He had placed her now. He remembered her as a dark, rather stunning-looking girl of 24, who sat at the captain's table and was obviously travelling alone. Her place was on Hepburn's side of the table, at the captain's left; he, Hepburn, was half a dozen removes from her. So they had not spoken; and she had rarely appeared on deck. Then his mind turned to other interests, insignificant interests, most of them; not at all the proper kind of things for him to be thinking about at such a time.

The Strange Case of Cavendish

(Continued)

desert, and pass by within a hundred yards of its rim, and never even be aware of the existence of this sunken valley. Perhaps not a dozen men outside this gang of outlaws had ever gazed down into its green depths, and possibly no others knew of that narrow, winding trail leading down to its level. Yet these men must have made use of it for years, as a place to hide stolen cattle, and into which to retreat whenever pursuit became dangerous.

Those huts without were not newly built, and this underground cavern had been extended and changed by no small labor. What deeds of violence must have happened here; what scenes of unbridled debauchery this desert rendezvous must have witnessed. She shuddered at the thought, comprehending that these cells had never been chiseled without a purpose, and that she was utterly helpless in the hands of a band of thieves and cutthroats, to whom murder meant little enough, if it only served their ends. Men-dez, no doubt, was brute and monster, yet it was Juan Cateiras whom she really feared—he was cruel, slimy, seeking to hide his hatefulness behind that hideous smile; and he had already chosen her for his victim. Who would save her—Mendez? Lacy? God, she did not know—and somehow neither of these was the name which arose to her lips, almost in the form of prayer; the name she whispered with a faint throbb of hope in its utterance—Jim Westcott.

The big miner was all she had to rely upon; he had been in her mind all through the long ride; he arose before her again now, and she welcomed the memory with a conscious throbb of expectation. Those people back there could not conceal for long her absence from him; if he lived he would surely seek her again. Her womanly instinct had read the message in the man's eyes; she was of interest to him, he cared; it was no mere ordinary friendliness which would bring him back; not even their mutual connection with the case of Frederick Cavendish. Her eyes brightened, and a flush of color crept into her cheeks. She believed in him, in his courage—he had appealed to her as a man.

Suddenly she seemed to realize the yearning of her own heart, her utter faith in him. He would come, he must come; even now he might have discovered her sudden disappearance, and suspected the cause. He would never believe any lies they might tell—that she had departed without a word, without a message—he would find out the truth somehow; he was not the kind to lie down, to avoid danger when it confronted duty—and, besides, he cared. She knew this, comprehended without question; there had been no word spoken, yet she knew.

Once she had accepted this knowledge with a smile, but now it thrilled her with hope, and set her heart throbbing strangely. Not that she dreamed love in return, or permitted it to even enter her mind; yet the very thought that this man would, if necessary, wade into the very waters of death for her sake, was somehow sweet and consoling. She was no longer alone; no longer hopeless and unnered—deep down in her consciousness she trusted him.

"If—how often that recurred; how it brought back memory of Lacy, of Enright, of Beaton, of the La Due woman. What else could they have remained behind for, except to hide and close the trail? It was Westcott they would guard against; he was the only one they now had cause to fear. They suspected his connection with her, his knowledge of their purpose; they knew of his presence the night before at the shant-house of Lacy's mine; they would 'get' him, if they could, and by no such simple methods as they got her. If she could only have warned him; if he was only placed on guard before they were ready to act—"If—"

Suddenly the girl's slender body grew taut and her thin, white, delicate hands clutched the granite wall back of her, and into her gray eyes crept the light of terror, a terror that was new and strange to her, a nameless, clutching fear that her varied experiences in the city had never brought her, an insidious, terrible fright for her bodily safety. Her delicate ears, strained under the spun-brown covering of hair—there was no doubt of it; she heard footsteps in the passageway. Juan Cateiras, with his leering, lustful smile, was coming back.

CHAPTER XXV.

IN THE DARK PASSAGE.

THE uncertainty was of scarcely an instant. The open slit above the door was a perfect conveyer of sound, and a voice pierced the silence. It was the voice of Juan Cateiras, vibrant with anger.



"Could this be Frederick Cavendish?"

"You sleepy swine," he ejaculated fiercely, "and is this the way you keep watch? Come out of that!" the command punctuated by the scuffling of feet. Damn you, Silva, but I will teach you a lesson for this when I return. Now go to the hut and stay there until I come. This is a matter where Mendez shall name the penalty. Get you gone, you sleepy dog."

He either struck or kicked the man, hurrying the fellow down the passage to the echo of Spanish oaths. Apparently no resistance was made, for the next instant the key turned in the lock and the door opened. Cateiras, smiling, seemingly untroubled by this encounter, stepped within, calmly closed the door behind him, and then turned to greet the lady. She met his bow with eyes of firm resolve, though her heart ached.

"Why do you come, señor?" she asked so quietly that the man in surprise halted his step forward.

"To keep my word," and his white teeth gleamed in an effort at pleasantness. "I am always truthful with your sex; and I told you I would return shortly."

"Yet why?" she insisted, anxious only to keep him away as long as possible, and yet enchain his interest. "If I am a prisoner here, I am not your prisoner. Do you come, then, to serve me?"

"Can you doubt that, senorita?" still endeavoring to retain the mask he had first assumed. "Because circumstances make me defy the law—a mere love of adventure, no more—is no reason why I should be devoid of heart and sympathy." He took a step nearer.

"Since leaving here I have questioned the men who brought you, and learned why you were made prisoner. I care nothing for this Bill Lacy—nothing," and he snapped his fingers derisively. "Why should I? But, instead, I would be your friend."

"You mean your purpose is to aid me to escape?" He bowed low.

"It would be my great happiness to do so. There is danger, yet what is danger to Juan Cateiras? 'Tis only part of my life. The senorita is an American, and to her one of my race may not appeal, yet I would prove my devotion with my life."

"Your devotion, señor?" "Is not the word expressive! Though I have seen you but once before, my heart is already devoted to your interest. I am of a Southern race, senorita, and we do not calculate—we feel. Why, then, should I conceal my eagerness? It is love which causes me to thus deal all and offer you freedom."

"Love!" she laughed. "Why that is impossible. Surely you only jest, señor." The smile deserted his lips, and with a quick, unexpected movement he grasped her hand.

"Jest! You would call it a jest. You will not think so for long. Why, what can you do? No, stop shrinking back from me. It will be well that you listen. This is no parlor where you can turn me away with a word of scorn," and his eyes swept the bare walls.

"I come to you with a chance of escape; I will take the risk and pledge you my aid. I alone can save you; there is no other to whom you can turn. In return I ask but my reward."

She hesitated, her eyes lifting to his face. "You promise me your assistance?" "Within the hour."

"How? What plan have you?" "That I will not tell; you must trust me. I am the lieutenant of Paqual Mendez," a touch of pride in his voice. "And my word will open the way. You will come?"

"Wait! I must know more. You say it is love which prompts your offer, señor. I cannot understand; and even if this be true, I must be frank and honest in my answer—I do not return your love."

"Bah! That is nothing. I know women; they learn love quickly when the way opens. I am not so ill to look at, senorita. A kiss now will seal the bargain! I will wait the rest."

"You ask no pledge, then, of me?" "Only your consent to accompany me, and the kiss. Beyond that I take the gambler's chance. Only you must say yes or no; for it will require time for me to clear the road."

"It must be tonight?" "The sooner the better; they tell me Lacy will be here himself soon, and after he comes the one chance is over with. You will give the kiss?"

"Do not ask it, señor!" "Oh, but I will! Aye, I'll do more, I'll take it. A dozen will do no harm, and no scream from those lips will be heard. You may as well be nice, my beauty."

She was against the wall, helpless, and the grip of his hands was like steel. She made no sound, although struggling to break free. His breath was on her cheek; his eyes burning with lust gazing straight into her own. Slowly, remorselessly, he bent her head backward until she feared her neck would snap. A sob started in her throat, but she silenced it with the will of a super-woman. Into her terror-stricken mind leaped the sudden conclusion that resistance with this beast was futile; she must outwit him with her brains. Suddenly relaxing herself, she slipped to the granite floor on her knees.

"Please, please," she begged. "I give in, señor, I give in."

But as she spoke her right hand closed about a square jagged bit of rock.

"So, my pretty," sneered Cateiras, "you have learned that Juan Cateiras is not a man to trifle with. It is well." And, releasing his grip upon her, he allowed the girl to rise.

As she stood there in the half light, her gray eyes flashing, her young bosom rising and falling, she was vaguely defined but alluring figure. So Juan Cateiras thought, and he took a step nearer, his thick, red lips curling with lust, eager to claim their rich reward. As they came closer Stella Donovan stiffened.

"Look, señor," she whispered—"behind you!"

The Mexican, in his eagerness, was off his guard. He turned to look, and at that instant the girl drew back her sturdy arm and then brought it forward again with all her vigor. Cluck! She heard the rock sound against her oppressor's head, heard a low moan escape his lips, and saw him sink slowly to the floor at her feet.

The next instant she was beside him, in terror lest she had killed him; but a hurried glance, supplemented by her fingers, which reached for his pulse, assured her that she had only stunned her assailant. Her heart beat less rapidly now, and she again had control of her mental processes. With deft hands that worked speedily in the darkness she untrapped from around his waist the belt with its 36 cartridges and revolver, then pulled from his pocket the keys, not only to her cell, but, she judged, to others.

The feel of their bronze coldness in her hot hands brought a quick message to her brain; beyond a question of doubt, the missing Cavendish was concealed in one of the dark, dank cells in the immediate vicinity, if not actually in this same passage, then in another one perhaps not greatly distant. The speculation gave her determination and decision.

Reaching beneath her outer skirt, she jerked loose her white petticoat, and then began tearing it into long strips which she knotted together. This done, she bound Juan Cateiras' hand and foot, and, with some difficulty, turned him over on his face, after first thrusting into his half-open mouth a gag, which she had fashioned from stray ends of the provisional petticoat.

Then leaping to her feet and strapping the animal-tion belt and revolver about her waist, she stole on tiptoe to the doorway and peered out; the silent, cavernous passage was empty.

Litely, like a young panther, she slipped out of the cell and began making down the passageway to a spot of light which she judged to be its opening. She had scarcely gone 10 feet, however, before she stopped short—somewhere in the dark she heard a voice.

Flattening herself against the sides of the passageway,



He sat up. He was on a sandy beach, in the warm sun. Little waves were still very near, crawling toward him, hissing maliciously, like disappointed snakes.

There was a long, pale streak in the east when the girl spoke. "I'm feeling very strange," she told him. "Of course. You're tired." Hepburn spoke reassuringly. "But you'll hold out. Daylight's coming. There will be a ship along soon, and she'll see us. God knows how many have passed us in the dark," he added, with unconscious bitterness. He hated those unseeing things. Why hadn't they seen? Then he reached out to her.

"Give me your hand," he said.

"Is it worth while?"

"Yes. Buck up. We've a good fighting chance yet. If necessary I can tow you." Long afterward she told him that those words were the last she remembered. Soon after hearing them she must have lost consciousness. But Hepburn's nightmare continued. When dawn came, he was, he told himself, chilled to the soul. He had a strange feeling of two identities within himself, one strongly fighting, the other giving up. He almost envied his companion, whose unconsciousness was a shield against such rack-

ing warfare.

And then, with clear daylight, came a vision. It was a wonderful vision—a green island, far off, but beautiful, sloping down to a sandy, wave-washed shore. He greeted it with raucous laughter, labeling it the thing he was sure it was—a mirage. But with quickened life he swam toward it, staring breathlessly, turning from it and then staring again. It did not vanish. On the contrary, it came nearer and looked greener. In his joy he shouted suddenly, then spoke to the lifeless weight he carried on his back. But no answer came. Soon he saw breakers ahead—big breakers. It was going to be a nice job to reach that shore—a nice, delicate job—but he could do it—yes, bet he could do it! And he could get that other thing there, too—that thing on his back that had him around the neck. He could do it—could do it—

He must have done it, for the next thing he knew he was on the shore—a bruised, battered, breathless man, dragging something up out of the water, losing it, getting it again, hurrying it beyond the reach of the waves, following it, being pulled back, fighting, losing, winning—and very, very tired and unspeakably thirsty.

He sat up. He was on a sandy beach, in the warm sun. Little waves were still very near, crawling toward him, hissing maliciously, like disappointed snakes. He stared at them, almost without seeing them. Then, for an instant, his heart stopped beating. Where was what was it—something—that had to be there—he was on his feet now, wobbling like a dying top, but he saw it before he fell. Lying there, back of him, was the thing. It wasn't moving, but that didn't seem to matter. What mattered was that it was there.

When he came to himself again it was late in the afternoon, and she was sitting beside him. He opened his eyes and stared at her, reflecting only that his thirst was intolerable.

A little cry broke from her: "Thank God!" she said. He frowned. His thoughts were not clear, but he was sharply conscious of having nothing special to be thankful about at that moment.

"Water," he muttered. "You've had some—all I could bring in my hands. There's a spring in the woods back of us, a little distance away. Could you crawl there, do you think, if I helped?"

Could he? Couldn't he! He was already on the way—staggering, falling, rising—again; he was getting there; he was there! She helped him, and watched him as he knelt and plunged his face into the water. Soon she checked him.

"Not too much at first," she warned him. "Lie here and rest."

He lay still in the shade. After a time she told him of her own awakening, of her thirst, of her discovery

of the spring, of her effort to find something, anything, in which to carry water to him.

"If I had been a resourceful woman," she mourned, "such as they have in books, I could have done it. I'd have made a cup out of a leaf or something."

He drank again, and listened to her dreamily. For a little while all he could do was to lie still and let her bathe his head and face. Then, with a great effort, he got himself in hand.

"Have you looked about at all?" he asked her.

"No; only for the spring. We had to have water."

"Any sign of huts or people?"

"Good heavens, no! It's a desert island. Everything behind me is rank, wild, primitive. Look at the jungle behind you!"

He looked. Then, feeling stronger, he rose and feebly walked about. It was as she had said: "No bread-fruit trees," he noted.

They looked at each other, and the same thought came to both. She voiced it quietly. "No food."

"Humph!" He stood staring down on her as she still sat on the ground. "Of course, there's plenty if we knew how to get it."

"Perhaps some will come ashore from the wreck," she suggested hopefully.

"You've been reading books. It doesn't happen that way in real life."

He spoke absently, his mind on sternly practical matters.

"One of those fellows in books," he added, somberly, "would take one of your shoestrings and put a bent pin on the end of it with a worm on the end of that, and catch fish for supper."

"There are some turtles down on the beach," she suggested. "There's a little cove there. Would one of them do?"

The next moment she thought he had gone crazy. "Do!" he yelled. "Would a turtle do!"

Then he quieted down. "Gather all the driftwood you can," he said. "I'll get the turtle. We'll dine like Lucullus himself. For you see, my dear girl," he added proudly, "the one thing I have got is a water-tight box of matches!"

He was off as he spoke, moving as swiftly as he could on legs that wobbled uncertainly, toward the place she had indicated. She busied herself according to his instructions, and when he returned with his turtles—he had two of them—she had a great pile of driftwood ready for his first match. He laid the turtles on their backs and struck the match—with an inward terror that he concealed from her. Suppose the box wasn't water-tight? It was one of those infernal patent things that are always failing one in a crisis, and if ever there was a crisis it was now. But the match blazed prettily—and went out in a sudden draft. Hepburn swore frankly, but his impatience was directed against himself.

"I'm an awful duffer at this kind of job," he told the girl. "I ought to have lighted it with every precaution. We've none too many of these precious things."

The second time he did better. His knife was in his pocket, and with it he cut a bit of driftwood into shavings. Then, sheltering his match carefully from the wind, he ignited the little heap and got a good blaze, and eventually ignited the pile she had gathered. The wood was dry and burned well; soon amethyst and blue flames were leaping high into the air. For a few moments the castaways watched them, glorying in their work. Then the problem of the commissariat again presented itself. Hepburn turned an appraising eye upon the turtles.

"I've never cooked a turtle under these conditions," he said, "but I guess I can manage it as soon as we have a good bed of coals."

He managed it while the girl watched him with fascinated interest. A little later they ate the primitive meal together, and, subsequently, stretched upon

the sand beside their fire, they watched the moon rise over the water. Then, for the first time, they lent themselves to practical discussion, in which each resolutely maintained a cheerful confidence.

"There's no question that we're absolutely all right," Hepburn assured the girl. "We've got an inexhaustible supply of fire, food and water. The worst that can happen to us is to be marooned on this island for a week or two, until we're picked up by some ship. We can't be far out of the regular course. The first thing in the morning I'll rig up a signal of some sort. I know enough to do that. But I'm no good at this outdoor game. If I were the sort you read about, I'd have a shelter of some kind ready for you by this time. But what the deuce would the storybook hero make it of?"

"He'd have a sail cloth," she murmured, bravely meeting his mood, "and a chest of tools would drift ashore from the wreck."

She was smiling at him now, and his heart leaped in response to the pluck of her. From start to finish she had not really lost her nerve, nor had she made a single complaint. She was the right sort to be shipwrecked with—the ideal companion for such an adventure. For the first time he studied her, took her all in. She had twisted her black hair around her small head in coronet fashion, and it seemed secure. Evidently some of her hairpins had survived the unusual strain upon them. Her clothes, like his, had dried under the sun's hot rays, and the white blazer she wore still had a jaunty though somewhat rakish air. Her white canvas shoes were no longer an unexpected shapely, but on the whole she presented an unexpectedly pleasing picture. And her face—Hepburn took that in with a thrill—her face was charming, notwithstanding the red burn given it by wind and water and sun. The eyes were brown, very dark, with long black lashes; the nose was small and straight, the small mouth, with its smiling curves and one deep dimple at the left corner, was luridly sweet, and the teeth she showed when her lips parted in their quick smile were white and perfect.

Looking at her, Hepburn suddenly exulted. He had saved her life, in the course of the day's work and without attaching too much importance to the incident; but, after all, he had done it at the risk of his own, and it was gratifying to know now that she was worth it. Under his scrutiny she smiled again—a smile that she tried to make as carefree and assured as if he and she were together on the comfortable deck of the Hispania. Her trust in him was as absolute as a child's or a sister's. Hepburn met her smile with one as warm and friendly. He knew how he looked—after two days' growth of beard upon his face, barefooted, baggared, unkempt—but she trusted him. A warm tenderness came to him with the knowledge—the greatest tenderness he had ever experienced for another human being.

"You know, you're rather wonderful," he said. "I haven't had time to tell you how I admire your pluck."

She put the tribute away with a gesture.

"But you," she began, "think of what you"—She could not finish.

"I'm just a plain chump," declared Hepburn, hastily, to dissipate the emotional strain of the moment he leaped to his feet. "I've confessed that. But I'm going to try to fix you up for the night. I believe in books they gather branches and things, don't they, and make a bed of them? But I'd like to see anyone make a bed of one of those fellows."

He pointed to a royal palm in the green background, and they both laughed—the girl a little hysterically. "I'm going to dig a hole in the sand," she said, "and lie in that."

He nodded. "That's as good a plan as any for the night. Tomorrow we'll build a hotel or something. Take this side of the fire, away from the wind."

They dug the hole together, and he buried her in it, covering her to the shoulders with the warm sand. "I'll do the same thing," he said, appreciatively. "My room's over here. Ring any time you want me. Good-night."

"Good-night—and thank you."

She put an extraordinary feeling into the last three words. For a long time afterward they seemed to throb upon the night air. Hepburn banished them by whistling softly as he made his bed in the sand. He intended to spend an hour or two of wakefulness in making plans, but he was disturbed by a singular light—a blazing, almost blinding light. Great Scott! It was the sun! And rather high in the sky at that. He must have slept eight or nine hours. He rose and peered toward the spot where she lay. She was still sleeping the sleep of exhaustion—the dear little tramp! He had made a big fire the night before. There were some embers left. Moving very quietly, he gathered more driftwood and started another blaze. Then, without a second glance at her, he went into the forest. He'd have a bath and forage about a bit. Perhaps there were fish in the brook. They'd be fine on the breakfast menu. He walked slowly, pondering as he

(Continued on Page 11)

The Strange Case of Cavendish

By RANDALL PARRISH Illustrations by Marguerite Martyn

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE CAVE IN THE CLIFF.

DAZED, helpless, yet continuing to struggle futilely, Stella realized little except giving a glance at the hated faces of her captors. She heard Cateiras' voice ordering the men forward, vibrant with Spanish oaths, and trembling yet with the fury which possessed him—but all else was a dim haze, out of which few remembrances ever came. They were in a large room, opening into another behind, a heavy door between. She was dragged forward and thrust through this with no knowledge of what it was like. She could not think; she was only conscious of a deadly, paralyzing horror. Cateiras slammed the intervening door and strode past.

What occurred was not clear to her mind; but suddenly what appeared to be an open fireplace seemed to swing aside, leaving revealed a great black opening in the rock. To the lieutenant's snarl of command, one of the men released his grip from her arm and lit a lantern which he took from a narrow shelf. The dim flicker of light penetrated a few feet into the dark hole only serving to render the opening more grim and sinister. The girl shrank back, but the fellow still holding her tightened his grip. Cateiras seemed to have regained his good humor, although the red welt across his face stood forth ugly in the flare. His thin lips smiled, and he bowed, hat in hand, hatefully polite.

"Go ahead with the light, Silva; not too fast, my man; the room beyond the señor's. Now, Merodez, release the girl."

"Ah, so you can stand alone, señorita; that is well. Step in here, ahead of me, and follow the lantern—there is nothing to fear."

She hesitated and the smile on the Mexican's lips changed into a cruel grin.

"Shall I make you again?"

"No, señor."

"Then you will do as I bid."

"Yes, señor; I cannot resist."

The passage was clean and dry, and seemed to lead directly back into the cliff. The faint light revealed the side walls and low roof, and the girl, again partially mistress of herself, recognized the nature of the rock to be limestone. Occasionally the floor exhibited evidences that human hands had been employed in leveling it, and there were marks along the side walls to show where the passage had been widened; but the opening itself was originally a cave, through which water had run in long past ages—a cave wide enough to allow six men to walk abreast, but with an average height of about seven feet. For 20 feet it ran almost straight in; then they came to a sharp turn to the right, and entered a much narrower passage. The air was so pure and fresh, even after this turn was made, as to lead her to believe there must somewhere be another opening. The vague thought brought with it a throbb of hope.

Her view was limited to the slight radius illumined by the lantern, and even within that small area, her own shadow, and those of the three men, helped to render everything indistinct. The side walls appeared to be of solid rock; she perceived no evidence of entrances into any side chamber, only that her eye twice caught glimpses of what seemed like narrow slits at about the level of her head. She could not be certain as to their purpose, or ascertain exactly what they were, only they bore resemblance to an opening cleft in the rock, either for ventilation, or to permit of observation from without of some interior cell. Near each of these was a strangely shaped bracket of wood fastened in some manner to the side wall, apparently intended for the support of a light, as the ceiling above exhibited marks of smoke.

They had turned the sharp corner, and advanced a few feet beyond when the man with the lantern stopped suddenly, and held it up to permit the light to stream full on the exposed wall to the right. Another of these odd slits in the rock was visible here, and the girl was able to perceive more clearly its nature—beyond question it was an artificial opening, leading into a space on the farther side of the wall. Cateiras pushed past her, his body interfering with her view, and bent down, fumbling along the rock surface.

"Hold the light closer," he demanded. "Aye, that's

dangerous one. In the first place, it might be well for you to remember that, helpless as I seem at present, I have friends—what-ever betails me will be known."

"How known?" his white teeth gleamed. "Do you think what goes on here is published to the world? If I should tell you the history of this secret valley it would take some of the defiance out of you, I imagine."

"Then you reckon wrong. I am not afraid of you, and I believe in my friends. All I ask now is that I be left alone."

"Which will bring you to your senses. I have seen that tried out here and know how it works. All right, I'll leave you to think it over; then I'll come back for an answer. Until then, señorita, adios."

The fellow lifted his hat and stepped back into the passage, his manner insolent. She remained motionless, contempt in her eyes, but in truth hopeless and crushed. Silva closed the door silently, although her ears caught the click of the bolt when it shot home.

No sound of their retreating footsteps reached her through the thick wall. The stillness of her prison seemed to strike her like a blow. For a moment she stood staring at the bare wall, her lips parted, her limbs trembling from the reaction of excitement; then she stepped forward and felt along the smooth surface of the rock.

The door fitted so closely she could not even determine its exact outlines. Baffled, her glance wandered about the cell, seeking vainly for any sign of weakness, and then, giving way utterly to her despair, the girl flung herself on the bench, covering her eyes to shut out those hideous surroundings. What should she do? What could she do? What possibility of hope lay in her own endeavors? From what source could she expect any outside help?

After those first moments of complete despair there came greater calmness, in which her mind began to grapple with the situation. Life had never been an easy problem, and discouragement was no part of her creed. She sat up once more, her lips pressed tightly together, her eyes dry of tears.

In spite of Cateiras' cowardly threats these outlaws would never dare to take her life. There was no occasion for them to resort to so desperate a deed. Besides, this Mexican was only an under officer of the band and would never venture to oppose the will of his chief. Her fate rested not on his word, but upon the decision of Pascual Mendez, and, if that bandit was associated with Bill Lacy, as undoubtedly he was, then as the prisoner of the American, she was certainly safe until the latter expressed his own wish regarding her.

And why should Lacy desire to take her life? Most assuredly he did not, or the act would have been already accomplished. The very fact of her having been transported such a distance was sufficient evidence of his purpose. The conspirators merely suspected her mission in Haskell; they were afraid she knew more of their plans than she really did. The telegram, stolen by Miss La Rue, had convinced the leaders that she might prove dangerous if left at large, and they had determined to hold her helpless until their scheme had been worked out and they were safely beyond pursuit. That was undoubtedly the one object of her capture. Lacy had no knowledge that Mendez's band was at the rendezvous; he supposed them to be on a cattle raid to the south, with only a man or two of his own left as guard over Cavendish.

Cavendish! Her mind grasped clearly now the fact that the man was not dead. It had not been his body found in the Waldron Apartments, but that of some other man substituted for purposes of crime. Cavendish himself had been lured westward, waylaid in some manner and made prisoner, as she and Westcott had suspected.

Through the co-operation of Lacy he had been brought to this desert den, where he could be held indefinitely, with no chance of discovery—killed if necessary. She had heard of such places as this, read of them, yet never before had she realized the possibility of their real existence. It all seemed more like a delirium of fever than an actual fact. She rubbed her eyes, gazing about on the rock walls, scarcely sure she was actually awake. Why, one might ride across that



"Some boudoir, Señorita."

it "Tis some trick to find the thing— Ah! now I have it."

It seemed like a bit of wood, so resembling the color of the rock as to be practically imperceptible to the eye in that dim light—a bit of wood which slid back to reveal a heavy iron bolt, shot firmly into the stone. This the Mexican forced back, and an opening yawned in the side wall, the rays of the lantern revealing the interior of a black cave. Cateiras stepped within.

"Bring the woman," he commanded shortly, "and you, Merodez, see first to the light."

Silva thrust her forward, his grip no light one, while the other struck a match and applied it to the wick of a lamp occupying a bracket beside the doorway. As this caught the full interior was revealed beneath the sickly glow, a cell-like place, although of a fair size, unfurnished except for a rude bench and one three-legged stool, the floor of stone and the sides and roof apparently of the same solid structure. It was gloomy, bare, horrible in its dreariness—a veritable grave. The girl covered her face with her hands, appalled at the sight, unnerved at the thought of being left alone in such a place. Cateiras saw the movement and laughed, gazing about carelessly.

"Some boudoir, señorita," he said meaningly. "Well, we will see what can be done for you later. Perhaps a few hours in such a hole may work a miracle. When I come again you will be glad to see even me. That's all, lads; there's plenty of oil, and you can bring along some blan'ets with the evening meal."

He stopped, standing alone in the narrow opening, the light of the lantern without bringing his face into bold relief. The girl had sunk helplessly onto the bench, her head bowed within her hands. The Mexican eyed her frowningly.

"Quite tamed already," he said, sarcastically. "Bah! I have done it to worse than you. Look up at me."

She lifted her eyes slowly, her lips pressed tightly together. She was conscious of depression, of fear, yet as her glance encountered his, a sudden spirit of defiance caused her to stand erect.

"There are some women with whom you are not acquainted, Señor Cateiras," she said quietly, desperation rendering her voice firm. "And possibly I may prove one of them. I am your prisoner it seems, yet I advise you not to go too far, or I may prove to be a

The Office Force Takes an Outing

Character Sketches by W. E. HILL



Joey, the filing clerk, has never seen the boss so approachable, and wonders if now wouldn't be a swell time to ask for a raise.



The girl who spent such a long time getting ready in the bathhouse that it was nearly dark when she finally came on the scene.



The man with the little red note book who comes around every day for two weeks before the event is scheduled and jots down just who is going and who isn't, and figures out whether or not it will be necessary to levy an extra charge of thirty-four cents for each person. On the day before the outing the extra charge is raised to forty-one cents, and is collected with difficulty.



And at the end of the day we see the treasurer, still with the little red notebook, figuring how much each person shall be taxed extra, seeing that there is an additional \$4 levied by the park authorities for nicking a picnic table, and an unidentified \$3.23 charge for sundaes, which of course, nobody knows anything about.



The rented bathing suit, which started out in life as dark blue and is now a pale gray with splotches of lavender. In the background stands Archie, the office boy. You can bet he didn't forget his suit.



Mr. Miggs, the cashier, who volunteers to pitch, has all the mannerisms, if not quite the skill, of the big leaguers.



"Fred, why don't you go over and mix with the others—make friends with them?" Everybody had been urged to bring wives and husbands, and Mrs. Rose Harp, of the mail order department, did accordingly. Fred, who was the only lesser half to show up and feels awfully out of things, is playing quoits with himself in a corner of the amusement ground.



U. S. Ebblet Jr. does not care for baseball or swimming and has wandered to the merry-go-round for amusement.



It was a splendid steal, and the girls on the sidelines thought it really should have counted in the final score of 28 to 40. Unfortunately, Harry, the auditor, was mixed in his bearings and stole from third to second, instead of the other way around.

Grayce and Corynne, who do "stenog-ing" for the Vulcan Underwear Co., Ltd., meet the boss's wife and are terribly disappointed. Mrs. Wiley isn't a bit like the millionaire's wife in the movie film. "Why, she's just like anybody else, and only one ring," is Grayce's comment, "though she was easy to talk to."



IN ST. LOUIS AND THE GREAT TERRITORY SERVED BY THE POST-DISPATCH IT IS THE FIRST AND ONLY NEWSPAPER TO OWN AND OPERATE ITS OWN ROTOGRAVURE PLANT.

ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

ST. LOUIS, MO., SUNDAY MORNING, AUG. 3, 1919.

ROTOGRAVURE
PICTURE SECTION



At the recent athletic meet at Walter Reed Hospital for soldiers, Washington, D. C. Nurses lined up for a strenuous tug-o-war while the doughboys stood by and laughed.

—Photo by Western Newspaper Union

"For
Some
Must Work,
and Some
Must Play"



Miss Edith Ainge, "the Betsy Ross of the Woman's National Suffrage movement," sewing the eleventh star—representing Missouri—on the party flag. The emblem is purple, white and gold.

Copyright Photo by Harris & Ewing



Miss Susanna Lenglen, French tennis star, at Wimbledon during English championship matches.

Copyright Photo by Western Newspaper Union



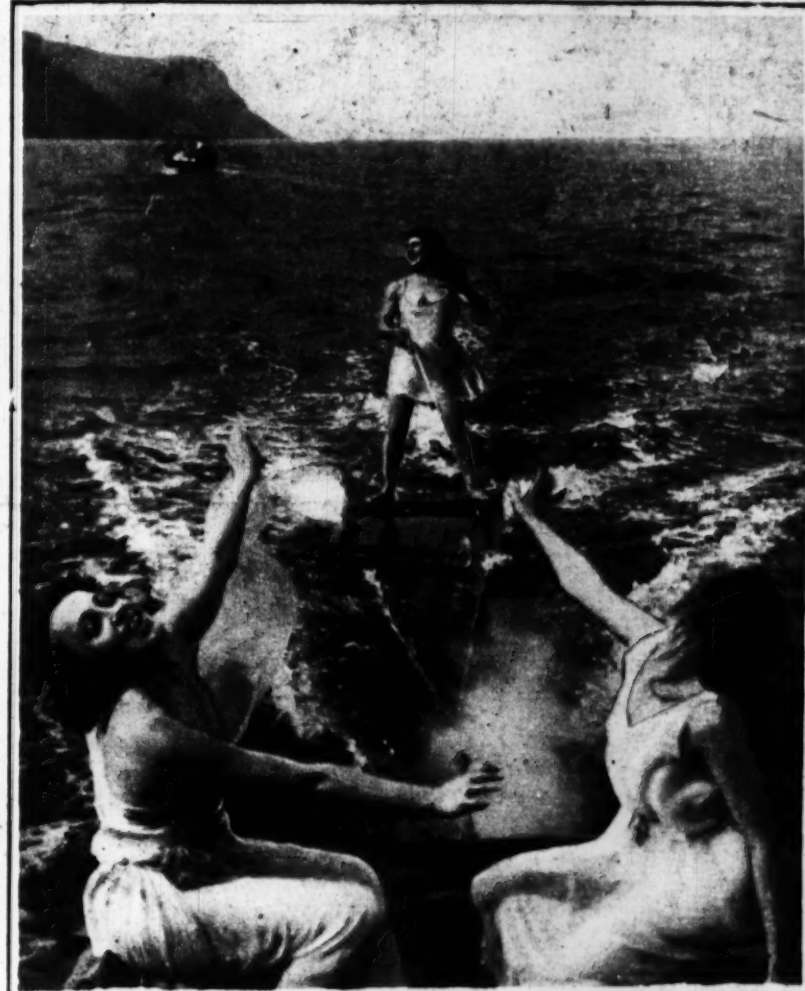
Mrs. G. W. Wightman, who regained national tennis championship after lapse of eight years, and her three children.

—Photo by International Film Service



Classes of girls painting from life on beach at the Cape Cod fishing port of Provincetown, Mass., where several schools have sprung up.

—Photo by International Film Service



Water sprites! Summer brings them out on ocean and lake beaches everywhere. They have even been seen disporting themselves in the waters of the Meramec and the Mississippi.

—Photo by International Film Service



French family starting life over again in home from which it was driven by Germans.

Copyright Photo by Keystone View Co.



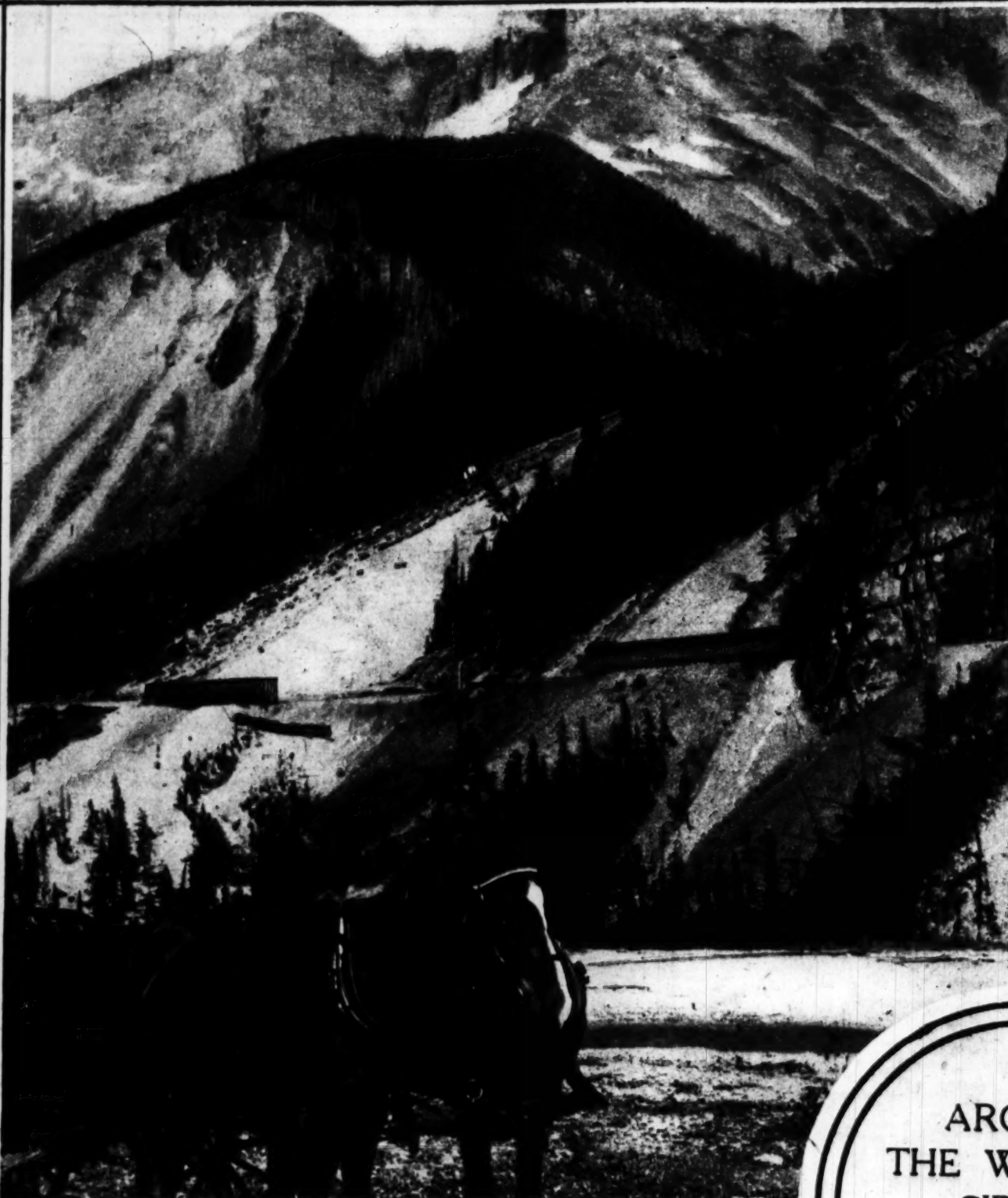
First baby born in St. Paul Aux Bois since the Germans devastated the place.

Copyright Photo by Keystone View Co.

The Office Force Takes an Outing

FOUR REASONS WHY WE SHOULD SEE AMERICA FIRST

(Photographs Copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood.)

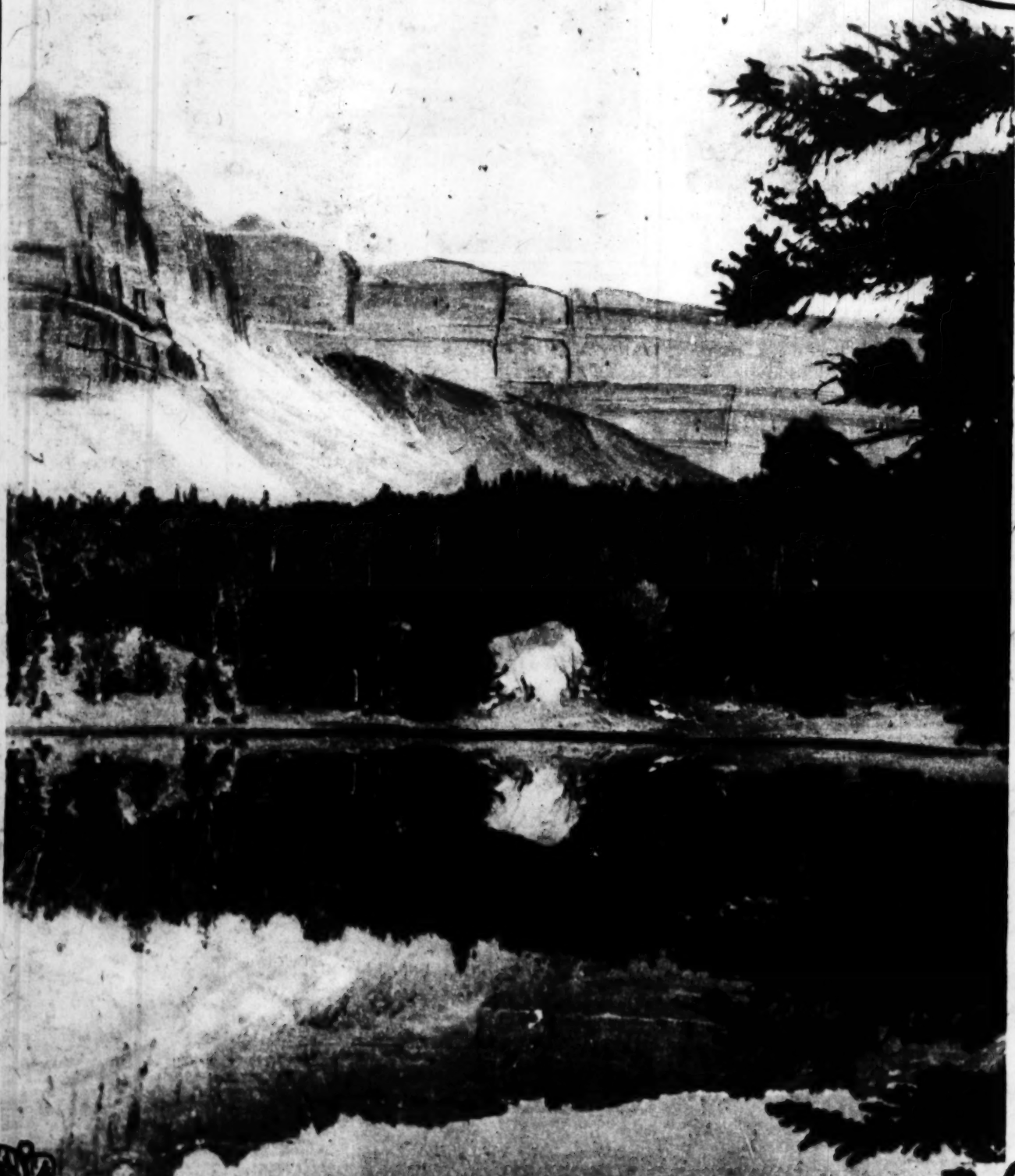


SEASONED GLOBE TROTTERS WILL TELL YOU THAT THE ALPS HAVE NOTHING MORE BEAUTIFUL TO OFFER THAN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES. THIS IS ONE OF THE HUNDREDS OF VIEWS IN THE LAKE LOUISE REGION. RUNNING ALONG THE SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN IS THE RAILWAY, WITH SNOW SHEDS FOR PROTECTION AGAINST THE FREQUENT SNOW SLIDES, AND FAR BELOW IS THE BOW RIVER.



HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE ASTRIDE THIS LITTLE BEAST AS HE NONCHALANTLY PICKS HIS WAY ALONG THE SIDE OF THE PRECIPICE? THE PACK ARE FOLLOWING THE GRAND VIEW TRAIL IN THE GRAND CANYON, ONE OF THE BEAUTY SPOTS OF THE GOLDEN WEST. THE GOVERNMENT HAS SPENT THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS IN MAKING THIS COUNTRY A MECCA FOR TOURISTS.

AROUND
THE WESTERN
CIRCLE
WITH THE
CAMERA



THIS EXTRAORDINARY PHOTOGRAPH IS OF A LAKE IN THE YOSEMITE. YOU CAN GUESS ITS NAME BEFORE WE TELL YOU—MIRROR LAKE, OF COURSE. EVEN THE PHOTOGRAPHER HAD A HARD TIME TO TELL WHICH WAS THE REFLECTION AND WHICH THE MOUNTAINS.



DOESN'T THE NAME "CODY ROAD IN THE SHOSHONE CANYON" BRING BEFORE YOU PICTURES OF COWBOYS ON WILD HORSES AND YELLING INDIANS? NOWADAYS, HOWEVER, THE CODY ROAD IS MONOPOLIZED BY AUTOMOBILISTS TOURING THROUGH THE YELLOWSTONE. FOR IT IS ONE OF THE BEST AUTOMOBILE ROADS IN THE WHOLE YELLOWSTONE RESERVATION.

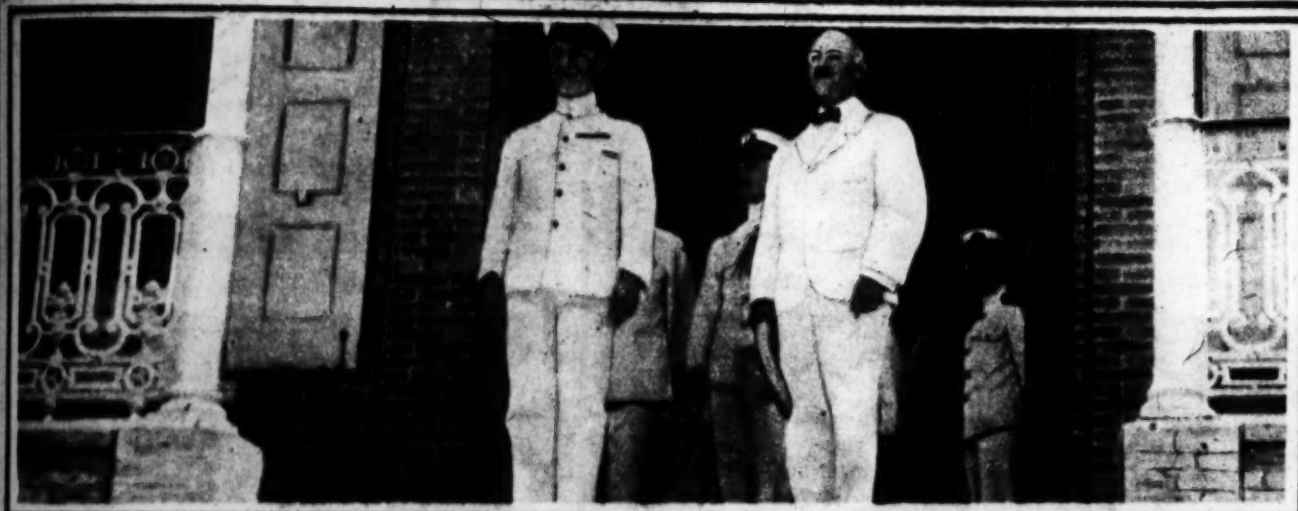


THE VIRGIN ISLANDS UNDER AMERICAN RULE

(Photographs Copyrighted by International Film Service.)

UNCLE SAM'S NEWEST ISLAND POSSESSIONS ARE FAST BECOMING AMERICANIZED. BASEBALL—LIKE TRADE—FOLLOWS THE FLAG. NOW, THANKS TO OUR SAILORS AND MARINES STATIONED THERE, ONE CAN HEAR ALMOST ANY DAY THE OLD FAMILIAR CRY OF "STRIKE ONE!" NAVY OFFICIALS ADMINISTER THE GOVERNMENT OF THE ISLANDS, AND AMERICAN CUSTOMS AND METHODS OF SANITATION ARE MAKING THEIR APPEARANCE RAPIDLY.

THIS IS A TYPICAL NATIVE HOME IN THE ISLAND OF ST. CROIX, ONE OF THE VIRGIN ISLANDS GROUP, PURCHASED FOR \$150,000 FROM DENMARK IN 1917.



REAR-ADMIRAL JOSEPH W. OMAN, STANDING WITH ONE OF HIS AIDES ON THE STEPS OF NAVY HEADQUARTERS IN THE VIRGIN ISLANDS. REAR-ADMIRAL OMAN WAS RECENTLY INSTALLED AS GOVERNOR, SUCCEEDING REAR-ADMIRAL JAMES H. OLIVER, FIRST GOVERNOR.



THE MARKET PLACE IN FREDERICKSTED, ST. CROIX, ONE OF THE VIRGIN ISLANDS GROUP.



"WHAT HAS BECOME OF GABY DESLYS?" IS A QUESTION OFTEN HEARD. HERE IS THE ANSWER: THE PICTURE SHOWS THE BEAUTIFUL DANCER WITH TWO BLIND ENGLISH HEROES AT DUNSTAN'S HOSTEL. SHE HAS DONE GOOD WORK DURING THE WAR BOTH WITH THE FRENCH SOLDIERS AND THEIR ENGLISH ALLIES.

(Photograph Copyrighted by International Film Service.)

FEATHERED MEMBERS OF THE AMERICAN LEGION

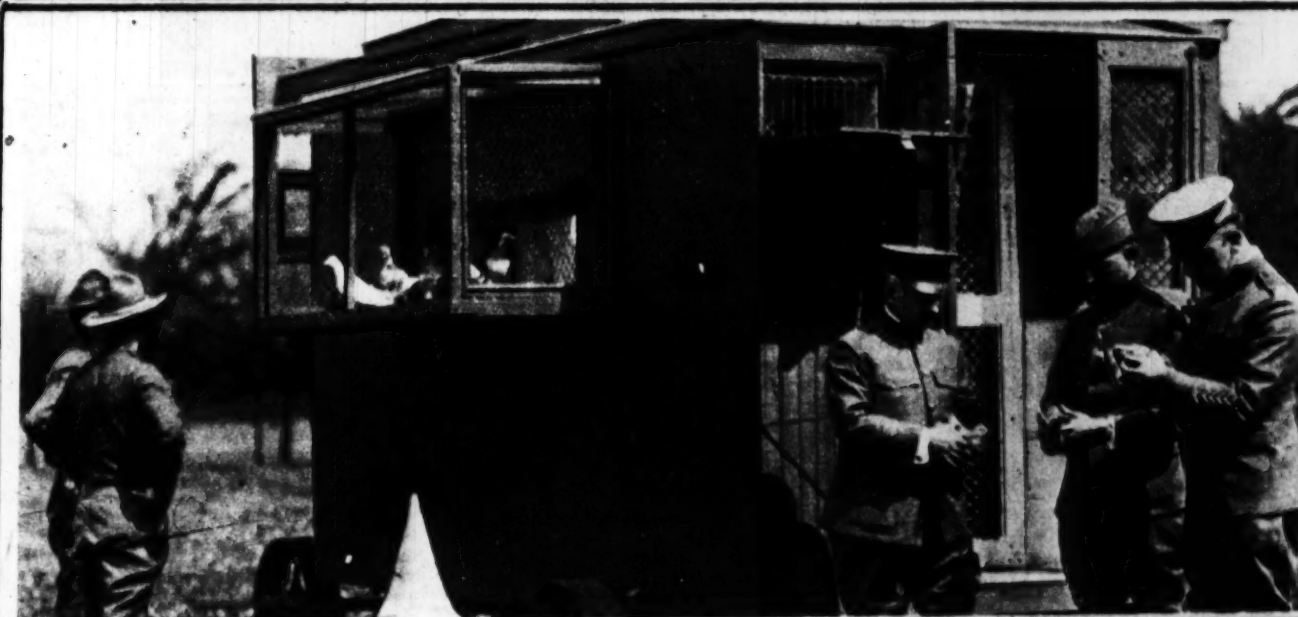
(Photographs Copyrighted by International Film Service.)



AND HERE IS SPIKE, THE "LUCKIEST DOG" IN THE WORLD OF BIRDS. SPIKE CARRIED THE GREATEST NUMBER OF MESSAGES THROUGH THE LINES IN THE FIERCEST FIGHTING ON THE BATTLE FRONT AND WAS NEVER WOUNDED. HE IS ONLY A SMALL HOMING PIGEON, BUT HIS FIFTY-TWO MESSAGES HAVE SAVED THE LIFE OF MANY A BOY FIGHTING WITH HIS BACK TO THE WALL.



DID YOU EVER HEAR OF A BIRD BEING DECORATED FOR GALLANTRY IN ACTION? HERE IS "CHER AMI," THE FAMOUS PIGEON WHO, WITH ONE LEG SHOT AWAY AND A BULLET THROUGH HIS BREAST, "CARRIED ON" WITH THE MESSAGE WHICH SAVED THE "LOST BATTALION" FROM ANNIHILATION. HE HAS BEEN CITED AND AWARDED THE D. S. C.



HERE IS A UNIQUE "SOLDIERS' HOME." IT IS A GENERAL VIEW OF THE PIGEON LOFTS IN POTOMAC PARK, WASHINGTON, D. C., WHERE LIVE THE HERO BIRDS OF THE FRENCH BATTLE FRONT. THIS IS THE HOME OF "CHER AMI" AND "SPIKE," THE ARMY'S TWO MOST FAMOUS BIRD VETERANS.



ARE YOU SURPRISED THAT THE WEARER OF A GERMAN HELMET SHOULD BE SO UNMILITARY LOOKING AND SOALTOGETHER MILD AND SMILING? THE ANSWER IS SIMPLE: THIS IS VICE-PRESIDENT MAN-SHALL, AND HE WORE THE HELMET DURING THE STRENUOUS DAYS OF THE VICTORY LOAN CAMPAIGN IN WASHINGTON.

(Copyright Western Newspaper Union.)



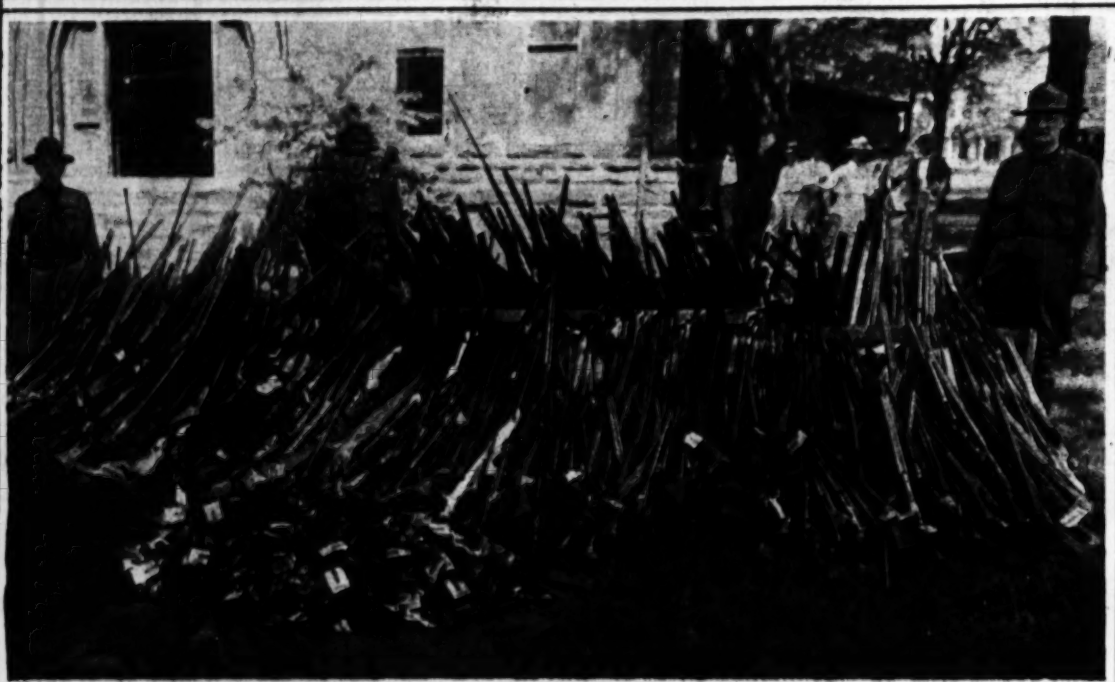
TIME WAS WHEN THE CASUAL VISITOR WAS ENTERTAINED BY THE FURROW OF THE FAMILY PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM. NOWADAYS HE SEES THE FAMILY MOVIES. HERE IS MRS. WILLIAM McADOO, THE DAUGHTER OF PRESIDENT WILSON, WITH HER BABY, ELLEN. THE SMILING GENTLEMAN HARDLY NEEDS TO BE INTRODUCED. "DOUG" WENT TO SANTA BARBARA TO DIRECT THE MOVIES IN WHICH THE McADOO PERFORMED WILD WEST STUNTS IN FRONT OF THE CAMERA FOR THEIR PERSONAL FILM LIBRARY.

(Photograph Copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood.)

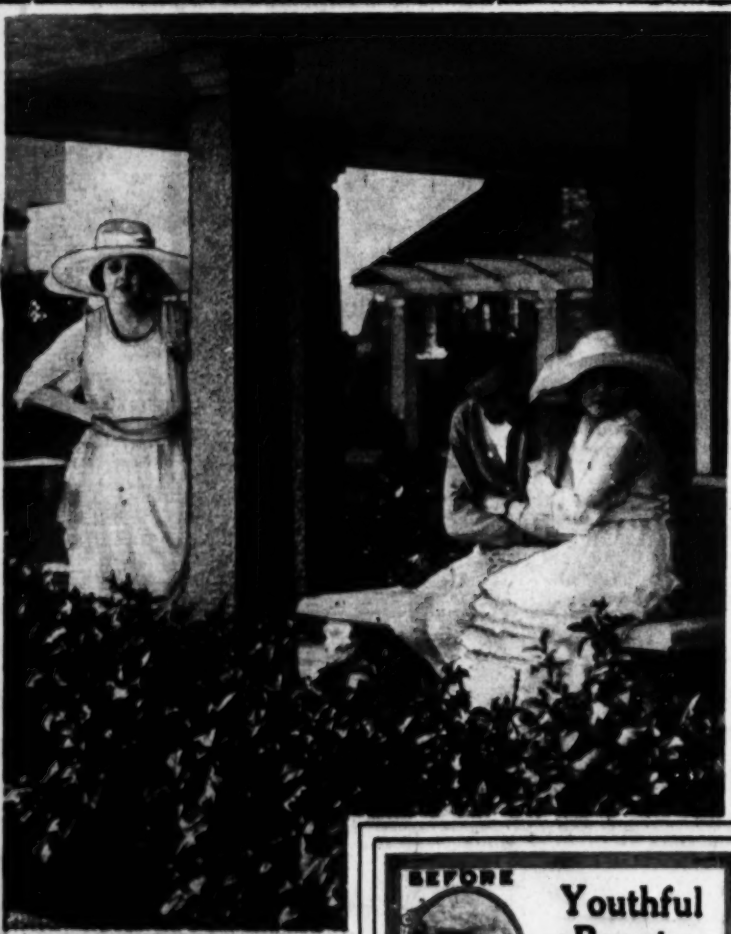


After being robbed many times a bank at Pullman, Ill., a suburb of Chicago, has erected concrete encasements, as shown in photo, for machine guns. High-powered rifles and shot-guns are mounted in similar manner inside the bank.

—Photo by Underwood & Underwood.



When an entire Texas community was called upon to disarm. Following the recent race riots at Longview, Tex., the people of the city and county were requested to surrender their firearms. The picture indicates the result.



Miss Nell Tracy of St. Louis in her first movie play. She appears with Mrs. Sidney Drew.

FRAGRANT INCENSE WILL PERFUME YOUR HOME

When burned in reception hall, its perfume will pervade the upper rooms, purifying the air by absorbing and dispersing all odors.

At your dealer's or send \$1. (Incense only, medium size, 50c; large size, 90c.) and by return mail we will forward, prepaid, the set illustrated, and complete instructions for use. Speedy 1. 1002.

A. A. VANTINE & CO., INC.
Fifth Avenue and 39th Street
New York

BEFORE Youthful Beauty Restored

Mrs. Julia May of New York, renowned beauty specialist, and Mrs. Elizabeth Grace, remove lines of age, wrinkles, looseness under eyes, sagging of face and neck, giving back firmness and beauty.

AFTER

Thousands of other women are getting equally marvelous results from this preparation. It is a simple matter to restore gray and faded hair to its natural color. The preparation is absolutely harmless and positive in results. It is a clear liquid like water and does not stain. Easily applied and anybody can use it. Price, \$1.50.

5¢ buys

your release from hard work on wash days and laundry no longer whiter clothes than it is possible to obtain in any other way.

Stauf's Laundry Tablets.

Twenty Years on the Market take the place of scrubbing and boiling. The 5¢ cake washes two boilers of clothes. Won't harm the finest fabric. Brightens rather than discolors colors. Wash the Stauf's Way once and you'll never wash any other way.

ALL Grocers Sell Stauf's Laundry Tablets.

Supply Co., 1014 University Street, St. Louis, Mo.

"My Hair Was Gray and Faded—Now It Is Rich and Glossy."

This is what Mrs. Hudson says: "I did not know that there was any preparation that could do it so wonderfully until I tried Mrs. Graham's Hair Color Restorer."

Thousands of other women are getting equally marvelous results from this preparation. It is a simple matter to restore gray and faded hair to its natural color. The preparation is absolutely harmless and positive in results. It is a clear liquid like water and does not stain. Easily applied and anybody can use it. Price, \$1.50.

For sale by
Judge & Dolph Drug Co.
Weigert Drug Co.
Wolf-Wilson Drug Co.—ADV.



The Lure of Beautiful Eyelashes and Well Formed Eyebrows

The **STAY** are what men see first. To hold attention they must possess the magical lure which long, silky, curved eyebrows and well formed eyebrows give to them? So, if you eyes are not adorned with these wonderful accessories, why not begin at once to have them? You can work a magical transformation if you will just apply a little

Lash-Brow-Inc

For a short time. Results will amaze and delight you. Share of the state and served to well as hundreds of thousands of women everywhere use and recommend this **Lash-Brow-Inc**, which stimulates and promotes the growth of eyebrows and eyelashes, and gives them firm, useful expression to the eyes so highly prized by women who care. Will YOU try "Lash-Brow-Inc"? It is a pure, naturally scented cream, guaranteed absolutely harmless, tested and approved by the best chemists and beauty specialists of America.

SALESMEN ASSURED OR PRICE REFUNDED.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send direct. Price 50c per box. Plain cover. No return of money. Look for the picture of "The Lash-Brow-Inc Girl" same as shown on every package of the product.

MAYBEL LABORATORIES.
2323-N Grand Blvd. Chicago.

Deposit your savings in the FIRST NATIONAL BANK on or before August 5th Interest credited from August 1st

START YOUR ACCOUNT NOW—OPEN MONDAY NIGHTS UNTIL 6:30 O'CLOCK

NATIONAL BANK PROTECTION FOR YOUR SAVINGS

ADVERTISING

The Best Way to use Rouge

The specialist who created the wonderful La-may Face Powder has invented a new rouge. The rouge is inside the puff. All you do is to rub the puff on your face. It comes through the puff just as you need it. It goes on splendidly and stays on the face until you wash it off. The puff is in a dainty metal box. The box cannot break and the rouge will not crumble like the old-fashioned kind. This newly invented rouge is called La-may (French, Rouge L'Amie). It gives a beautiful color that lasts natural under the strongest light. There are two colors—medium and dark. The fifty-cent package will last six months, yet the box is small enough to fit your purse. When you use this pure, harmless Rouge and see how much more convenient it is and how much better it stays on, you will



The Rouge The Dainty Metal Box Cannot Break.

understand why thousands of women say it is the best they have ever used. Because La-may Rouge is so new, your dealer may not have it yet, but he can easily get it. Show this notice to your dealer and if he refuses to get you a package you may order by mail from Herbert Royston, 16 E. 18th St., New York.

TROCO

The Successor to Butter Made from the White Meat of Coconuts

Fresh, Sweet, Delicate

Troco is a real luxury although you save much by its use. It is made from the most appetizing of ingredients—the white meat of coconuts churned with pasteurized milk. Its fresh, sweet, delicate flavor and perfect texture are unsurpassed by any product, whatever the price.

Troco is made by a special process which insures a perfected and standardized quality.

Ask for it by name and insure satisfaction while saving from 15 to 40 cents on every pound.

Troco is labeled "oleomargarine" because of laws passed before this nut made butter was invented. But it contains no animal oils—just pure vegetable fats and milk. Made by

Troco Nut Butter Company

Chicago Milwaukee New York



Nadine Face Powder
(In Green Boxes Only)

Keeps the Complexion Beautiful

Soft and velvety. More back if not regularly pleased. Nadine is pure and harmless. Adheres until washed off. Prevents sunburn and returns colorations. A million delighted users prove its value. Popular in: Fresh, Pink, Brunette, White, 50c. by toilet counters or mail. Dept. P. 15.

National Toilet Co., Paris, Tenn., U.S.A.

ROCK-A-BYE BABIES ARE GOOD

And these attractive Nursery Specialists explain why FREE Catalogue shows full ROCK-A-BYE BABY Line.

Perfection Manufacturing Co.
2124 N. La Grange Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

An Excellent Tonic for Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair

HONIC'S BALDPATE HAIR TONIC

NEVER FAILS

Nourishes and stimulates the follicles and thus promotes the growth of the hair. It cures the scalp of itching, dandruff, and keeps the hair soft and healthy.

Send 12c for Trial Size. Attention: Dealers & the Doctor Barber Shop.

BALDPATE CO., NEW YORK
487 West 34th St., Dept. C.

Gen Ludendorff's book on the war will be printed in the daily Post-Dispatch beginning Aug. 25.

"Roto" ads are dividend makers.

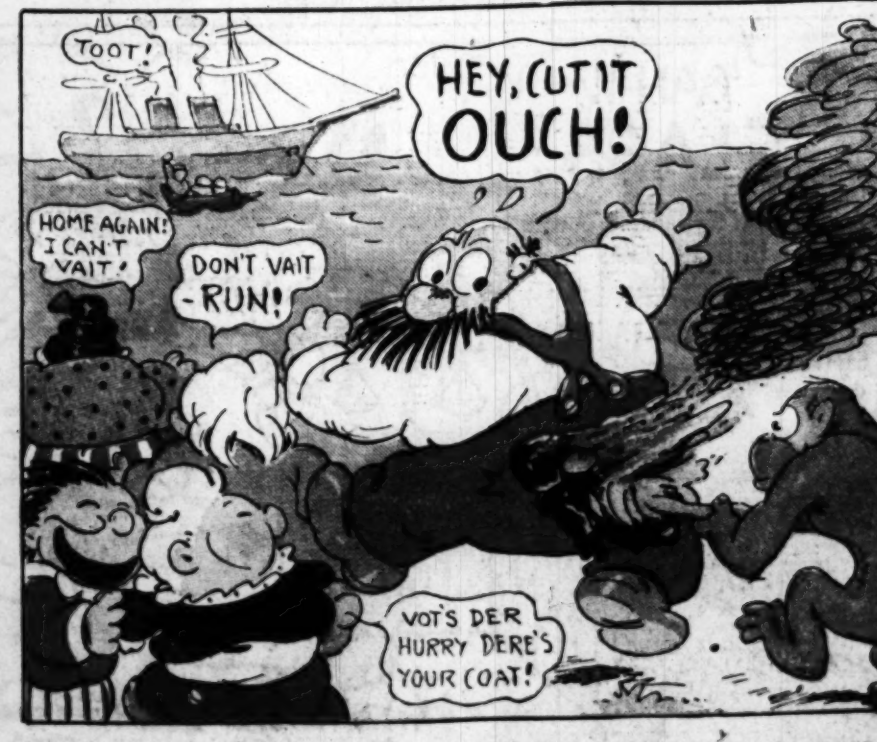
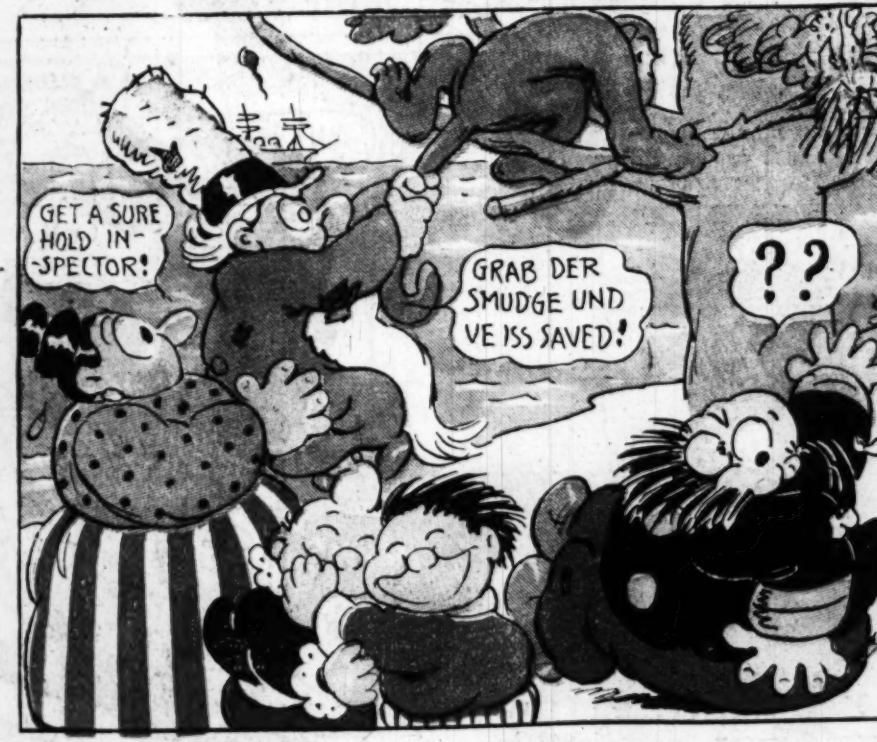
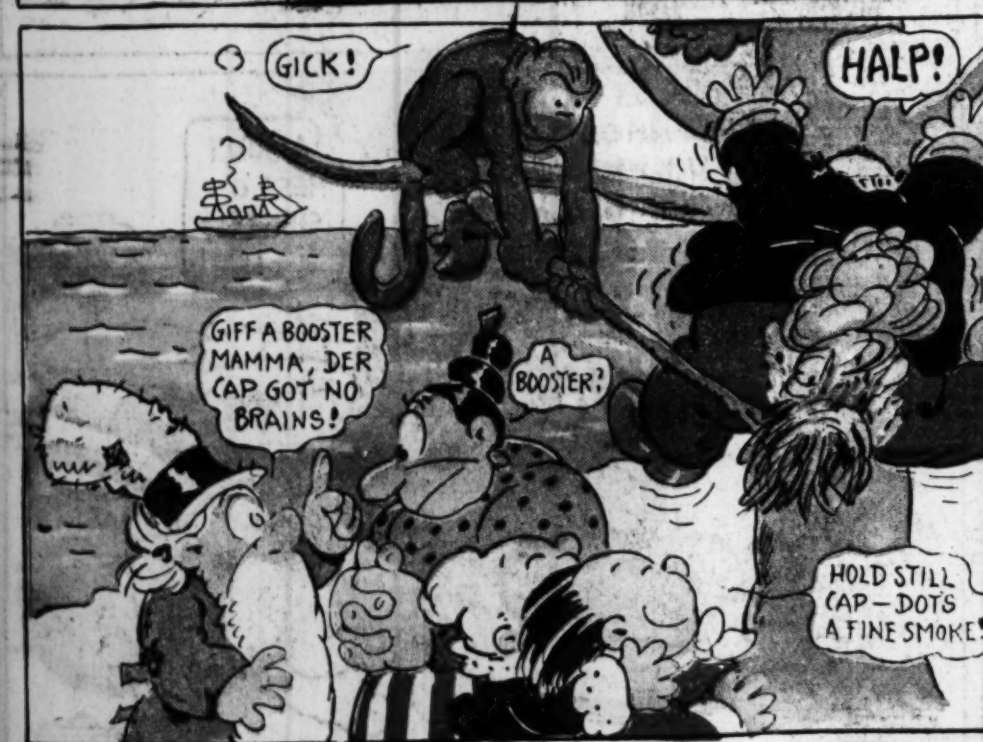
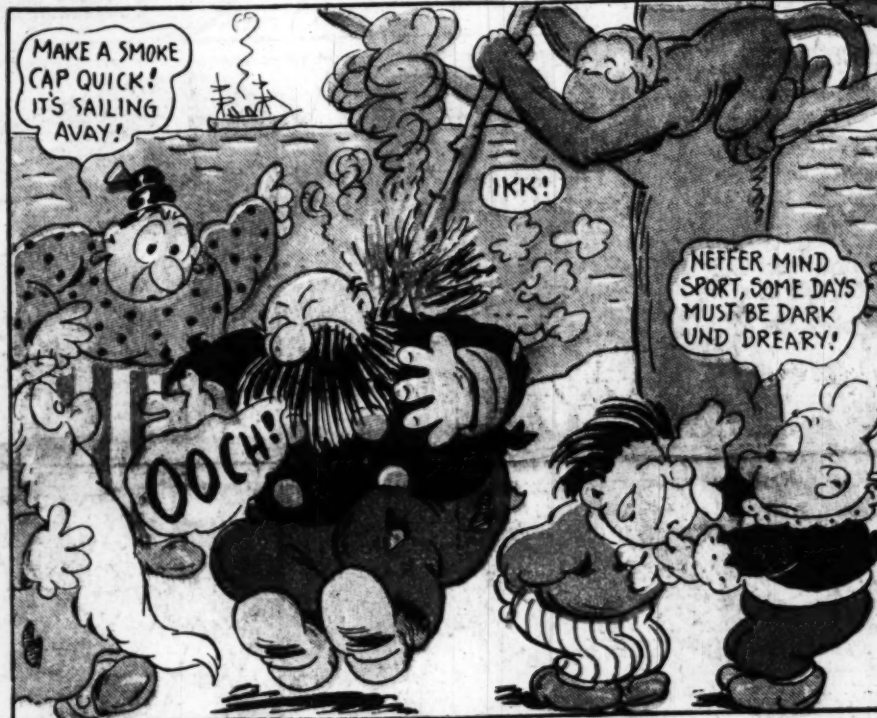
SUNDAY
AUG 3
1919

FUNNY SECTION OF SIDE ST LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

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MUTT and JEFF are good today--and so they are on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays. Follow their antics in the POST-DISPATCH every day. Page of comics daily, including Goldberg's funny creations, "Say, Pop!" "Penny Ante," "Let the Wedding Bells Ring Out!" and other mirth makers.

The Captain and the Kids—By R. Dirks





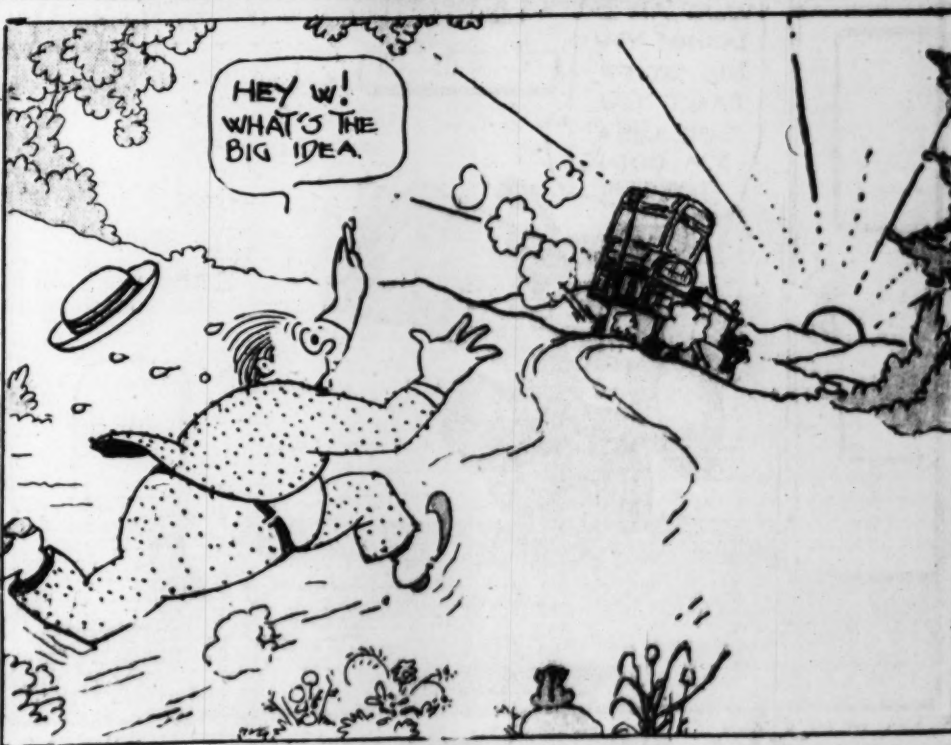
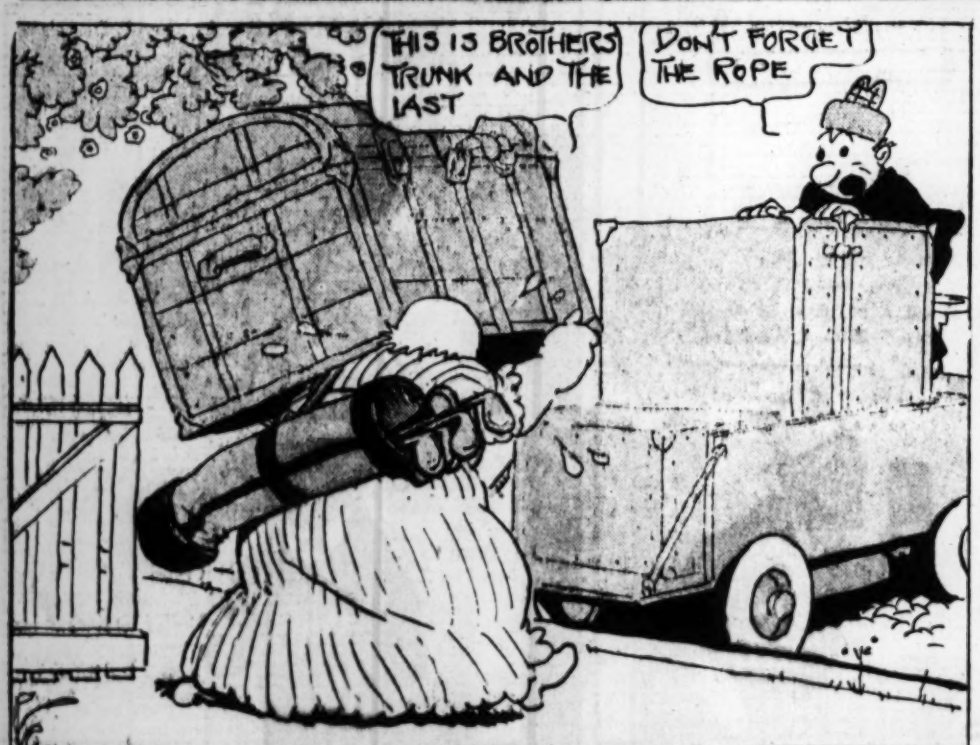
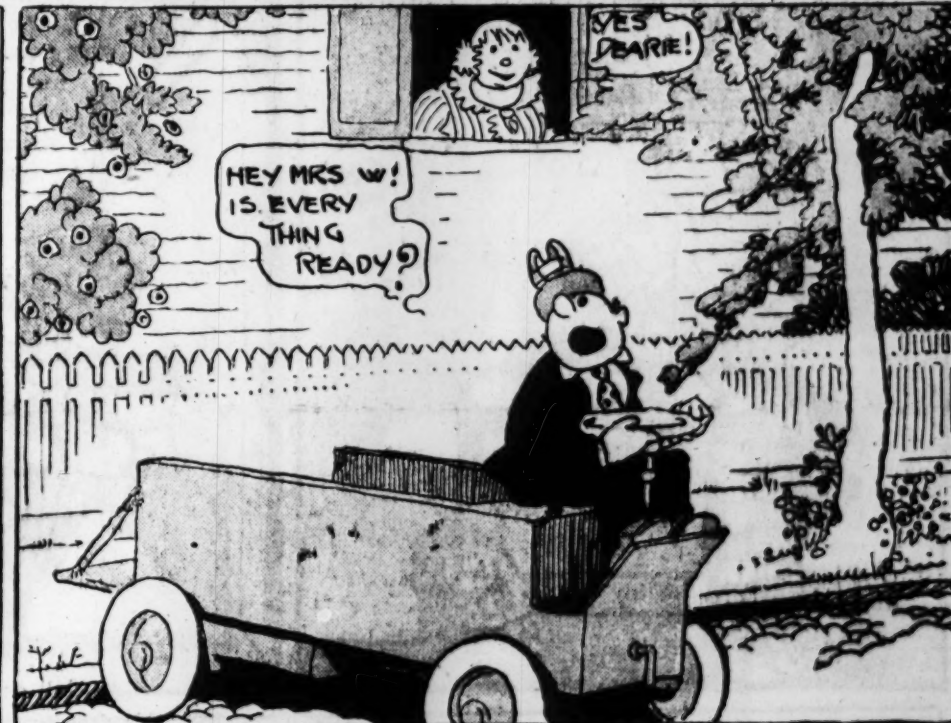
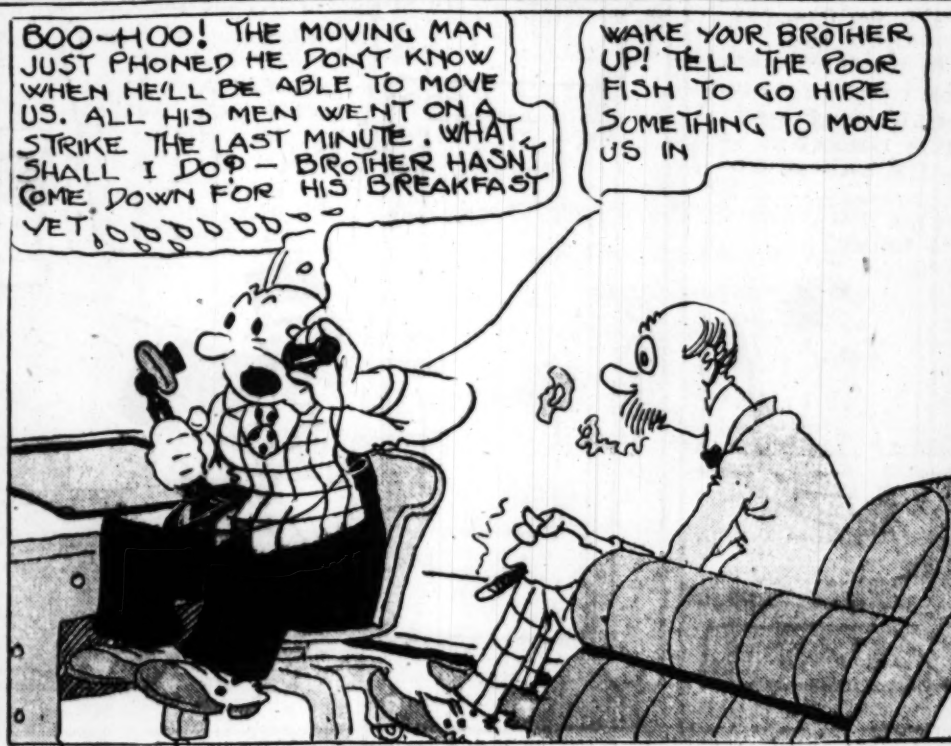
Hawkshaw the Detective

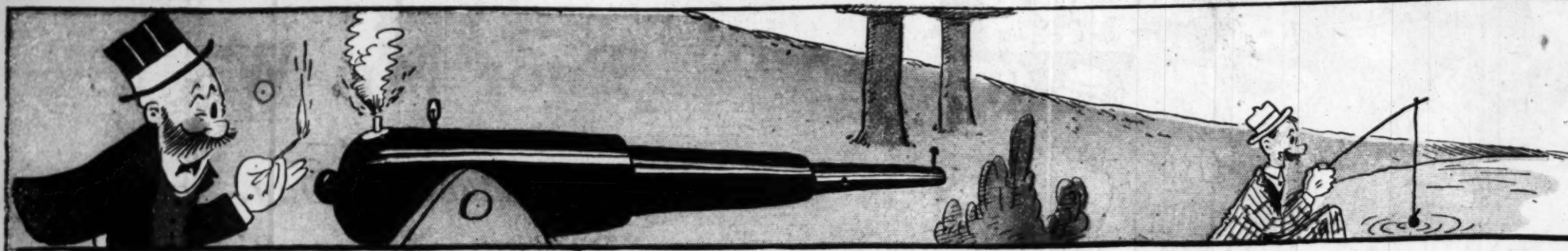
*The Diverting Episode of the
Stolen Diamonds and the
Selfish Burglar.*



Poor Mr. W.

*It Was Moving Day, and
Brother Never Did
Like Work.*

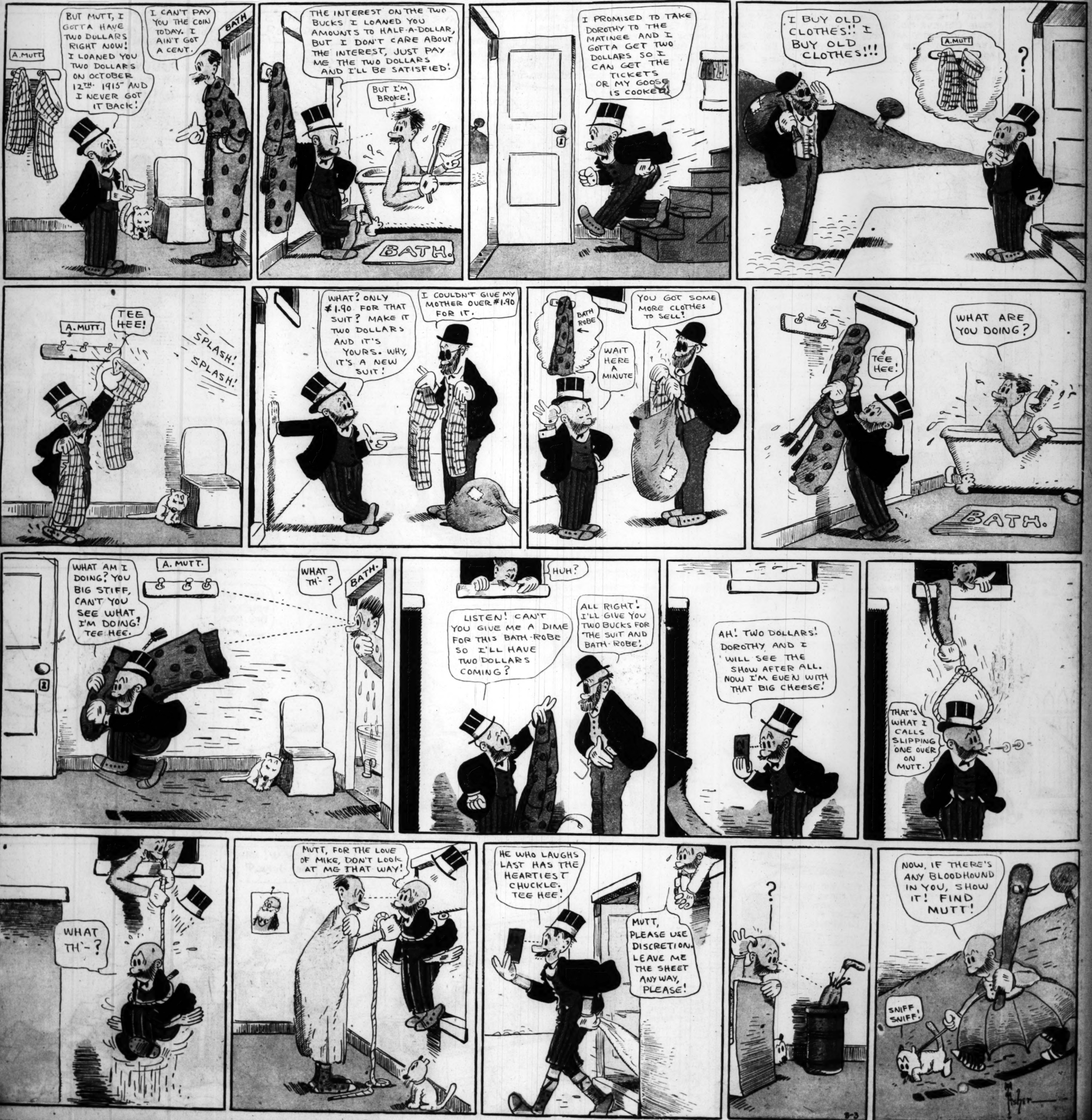




MUTT AND JEFF—Two Dollars Is Two Dollars

(Copyright, 1919, by H. C. Fisher. Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

By BUD FISHER



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